McKean County Miner.

LARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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CLOUD BURST CAUSES DEATHS AND DAMAGE.

Three Men and a Boy Were Drowned in Nearby Places.

BRADFORD BOY ONE OF VICTIMS.

Terrible Downpour of Rain Creates Havoc in McKean and Cattaraugus Counties on Monday—The Property Loss Was Heavy.

Four persons were killed and another was seriously injured as a result of an unusually heavy downpour of rain in Western New York and some parts of McKean county last Monday afternoon. The dead are George Hinman and a man named Bolander of Humphrey Center, N. Y., a B., R. & P. fireman named Bryan and Raymond Smith, a seven-year-old boy of East Bradford. Property all along the Great Valley creek was greatly damaged and Ellicottville, Cattaraugus and other towns sustained serious losses. George Hinman, a rural mail carrier and a man named Bolander lost their lives at a point between Great Valley and Humphrey when a bridge over which they were driving was washed away.

Both bodies were found later. The horse which Hinman was driving was carried down stream and caught upon a barbed wire fence. The animal was so badly injured that it had to be killed.

A pathetic incident in connection with the drowning of Hinman was that a young son was an eye witness, on the opposite side of the stream, and waving his hand to his father as the mail carrier went down to his death. The dead mail carrier leaves a widow and three children living at Humphrey Center.

That evening a B., R. & P. locomotive went through a culvert bridge at Killbuck and Fireman Bryan was killed, he having been caught under the locomotive and Engineer Daniel Richards of Hornell, N. Y., was seriously injured.

The Bradford Era says: Raymond Smith, aged seven years, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Smith, of Martin avenue, East Bradford, was drowned in Tuna creek near his home, between 3 and 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. The body had not been recovered up to a late hour this morning. It is probable that the corpse was swept down stream as the water was deep and moving rapidly, following the heavy rains.

There is a narrow foot bridge which spans the creek at a point near the home of the Smiths and yesterday afternoon Raymond was on the bridge and it is supposed he became dizzy from the swiftly moving water beneath and fell in. He made an effort to reach the shore, but was unable to do so. A little sister, Addie, seeing her brother struggling in the water, jumped in near the shore and tried to rescue the lad and she had a narrow escape from being swept away by the swift current.

As soon as possible, an alarm was given and among the many willing volunteers to search for the body were members of the fire department. A careful search of the waters was made with the use of rakes, pike poles, etc., but without results. Later boats were brought into use, but at midnight the body had not been recovered. A careful watch is being kept along the creek.

Besides his parents, little Raymond leaves two brothers, Harry and Clyde Smith, and three sisters, Hattie, Addie and Dorothy Smith.

Wanted—Good Housekeeping Magazine requires the services of a representative in Smethport to look after subscription renewals and to extend circulation by special methods which have proved unusually successful. Salary and commission. Previous experience desirable, but not essential. Whole time or spare time. Address, with references, J. F. Fairbanks, Good Housekeeping Magazine, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Notice.

My wife, [illegible] Edwards, of Coryville, Pa., has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation and I do hereby forbid all persons trusting her in my name.

Aug.31-3t JOHN C. EDWARDS.

A FUSION MEETING.

Reform Democrat and Keystone Committees Met in Bradford Last Thursday.

The much talked of fusion movement in this county took place on definite shape last Thursday afternoon when a meeting was held in Bradford and decided on campaign plans.

The meeting was called to order at 2:30 o'clock by Gustine Cable, chairman of the Keystone party. The first order of business was the selection of a chairman for the fusion meeting. James G. Paul nominated Felix Quinlan and there being no other nominations Mr. Quinlan was unanimously elected. G. A. Simpson was unanimously elected secretary.

A resolution calling for the meeting was ready and the joint committee started in with the business of formulating a plan for fusion between the two parties.

On roll call the following were present: James G. Paul, Mike Murphy, C. M. O'Connor, James Magee, F. J. Bloomquist, W. D. Thomas, A. G. Farley, H. C. Blaisdell and Felix Quinlan, comprising the full committee of nine to represent the Democratic party; and the Keystone party was represented by John Lunberg, S. R. Huff, John T. Burkholder, E. D. Ostrander, Gustine Cable, C. G. Hubbard, acting for A. T. Larson, G. A. Simpson, by proxy for A. R. Johnson.

The Keystone party offered through their chairman, a resolution that the offices should be divided between the two parties as follows: Keystone party to have treasurer, recorder of deeds, register of wills, coroner, district attorney and one auditor, and the Democratic proportion of the full ticket should be sheriff, prothonotary, two commissioners, clerk of the courts and one auditor.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

With this in view the following resolution, offered by Cable and seconded by S. R. Huff, was carried: That all candidates desiring fusion nomination, shall qualify by filing two primary election petitions, one to have his name on the Keystone ticket and the other to have his name on the Democratic ticket.

All candidates desiring a fusion nomination shall file, not later than three weeks before the primary, a properly executed withdrawal with the respective chairman.

The fusion nominees shall be those candidates receiving the highest total, such total to be the number of votes received by a candidate on the Democratic ballot plus the number of votes received by the candidate on the Keystone ticket; and in case any candidate shall receive the highest number of votes on either the Democratic or the Keystone primary ballot and not have the largest total vote, then his withdrawal shall be filed with the county commissioners, and the proper county committee shall fill the vacancy caused by such withdrawal by nominating that candidate having the largest total vote for the nomination of that particular office.

This plan of selecting candidates looks pretty good on paper, but it hardly seems probable that when the voters go to the polls that they will be sufficiently in unison to pick out Democrats and Keystoners just according to these plans. Of course the county chairmen, Paul and Cable, will have the power to correct the errors of the voters by exercising their withdrawal powers, but it hardly seems probable that, although they will have the power, Bosses Paul and Cable will have the audacity to divide the ticket up as has been agreed upon contarry to the wishes of the voters as expressed at the primaries. Pennsylvania has quite a reputation of being in the hands of bosses, but never before have we heard of the worst of bosses taking over the control of a party in such a high-handed manner. The only chance for the rank and file of the Democratic-Keystone combination is that possibly Boss Paul and Boss Cable won't have the nerve, when it comes to the final, to carry out their well-laid plans.

Reduced Rates to Hornell Fair.

Account Hornell Fair and Races, August 29th, 30th, 31st and September 1st, the P., S. & N. R. R. will sell tickets at special reduced rates. Tickets good going the entire four days of the Fair and valid for return on or before September 2nd. For further particulars see hand bills, apply to agents or address.

Aug.24-2t JOS. T. ODELL, G. P. A.

29 KILLED AND 69 INJURED.

Terrible Railroad Wreck at Manchester, N. Y., Last Friday.

One of the worst railroad wrecks of the year occurred at Manchester, N. Y., last Friday when a broken rail on a trestle plunged a heavily loaded excursion train filled with G. A. R. excursionists from Rochester into a deep ravine, killing 29 persons and seriously injuring 69 more, some of whom may die.

Frank Rogers of Shortsville, was, so far as can be learned, the only outside witness to the Manchester wreck. Rogers was standing at the street crossing, some 300 feet from the trestle, when the first car left the rails, and he next saw it lying on its side in the bottom of the creek and another standing almost straight up.

"I broke some of the windows in the car which was dangling from the bridge," said Rogers, "and must have assisted about 15 passengers out. The men and women used the seats as stairs and were able to reach the top of the bridge. I then slid down the car and worked at the bottom. I helped the railroad men and passengers take out a score or more of people. I passed them out of the window one by one. Many of those taken out were dead and others had fainted; but I did not stop to see whether they were dead or alive. The sight was a sickening one, but there was no time to think about it.

"We were afraid the wreckage would take fire. I have been in many wrecks but I never saw a sight like this. The dead and seriously injured were jammed together. The interiors of the coaches were smashed to splinters. The first woman to be taken out lay limp and unconscious on the baggage rack. One boy was drowned in the water and the sight was appalling. The blood of injured mingled with the water, and it ran red."

OUR NEW OIL FIELD.

The Bradford Star-Record Says It Gives Promise of New Field.

The South Penn Oil company has completed a well on the [illegible] farm, [illegible] west of the well of the Surprise Oil company, on the county poor farm, at Smethport, that starts producing oil at the rate of [illegible] barrels per day. The well was shot with a shot of 80 quarts of nitro-glycerine and [illegible] tubed and started pumping yesterday and will undoubtedly produce [illegible] barrels daily for at least a month, say the Star-Record.

The formation from which the oil comes is supposed to be the Bradford sand. It was found at a depth of 1,246 feet. It is a chocolate colored rock and similar to the Bradford formation. Levels have been taken, which prove that the Bradford sand might be at that depth in the locality in which this well was drilled. There is but 20 feet of sand in this well, but it is unusually rich in oil. The same formation is found on the county poor farm, where the Surprise Oil company has a good production.

Drilling has developed the fact that the oil producing sand in that locality is not great in width, but there is a possibility of finding a connection with another pool. It is generally believed that the sand streak may extend to Ormsby, or possibly to the Kinzua bridge, where a very prolific streak of Bradford sand was found a number of years ago. The South Penn company has 1,700 acres of the Bingham lands, lying south west of the well. Hon. J. W. Bouton has a lease and the Barrett Estate owns a tract of land in the same locality. It is probable that the land situated between Smethport and Ormsby will be given a thorough test in the near future.

Notice to Electors.

Owing to a decision of Judge Benson in Erie county, assessors of property will not be elected in McKean county this fall, excepting county and city assessors in the city of Bradford and in Lewis Run.

Therefore, districts outside of Bradford and Lewis Run, are directed not to file petitions for the office of assessor of property, as the assessors elected in Feb. 1910, in those districts will serve until the first Monday of December, 1913.

JOHN P. DEVLIN,
JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
Aug.31-2t. County Commissioners.

Advertise in The Miner.

CANONSBURG CATASTROPHE.

False Alarm of Fire Causes Death of 26 People in Picture Show.

Twenty-six dead from suffocation; 25 seriously injured; 30 suffering from minor hurts. That is the human toll exacted Saturday night during an inexcusable panic at a moving picture show in the Canonsburg Opera house. The moving picture machine developed a slight defect. There occurred a noise like "click," a small boy shouted "fire" at the same time starting for the narrow exit. Bolus Dubrowski, a foreign miner, a giant in proportions, jumped from his seat and ran wildly for the same exit. In a moment there was a fighting, struggling mass after him. At the head of a narrow stairway which lead to the street, the foreigner tripped. As he rolled down the stairs he swept others from their feet, who were waiting their turn to enter the theatre, and soon there was an indescribable pile of humans at the foot of the steps battling like mad.

It was all over within a short time. Volunteer firemen, several policemen and a few level-headed citizens untangled the human mass. The unhurt and those slight injured were pulled from the top of the pile. As they gained the street they ran screaming like maniacs to all parts of the small town. Next came the more seriously hurt and these were sent home or taken to nearby houses, while a few were rushed unconscious to hospitals. Then the rescuers came to the silent forms of those who had reached the fatal stairway first. One after another the victims, many of them women and small children, were carried to the sidewalk. All had been suffocated and the faces showed terror.

Miss Mary Craig, who was the planist in the theatre, was the heroine of the tragedy. She stuck to her piano stool all through the panic and played a slow march in such a way that it checked the rush to certain death. Many caught the slow rythm and it brought them to their senses. Her presence of mind saved many lives.

A LUNATIC'S CUNNING.

It Was Used by a Woman in the Warren Asylum in Committing Suicide.

Warren Times: Determined to end her life, Mrs. [illegible] Maynard broke [illegible] of the State Hospital for the Insane [illegible] the edge was ragged and sharp and employing all her strength drew it across her throat inflicting a wound which caused her death shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The woman displayed the lunatic's cunning in securing the glass, in breaking it and in committing suicide. In an instant she had accomplished her purpose.

Watching her chance the drinking glass was smashed and the sharp, uneven edge sank into the flesh of the neck and dragged it across, tearing open a gap that extended nearly from ear to ear. The juglar vein was severed and though the asylum officials worked energetically to save the woman she bled to death.

The suicide was 46 years of age and a resident of Rome township. Her people's home was near Spartansburg. She was married 21 years ago and is survived by a husband and three children.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION AND CONFIRMATION.

The Forty Hours Devotion will start at St. Elizabeth's church Sunday morning, Sept. 3rd, at the 10:30 mass, and end Tuesday morning at 9:00 o'clock mass. The Devotions will be conducted by Rev. Father Bernard, O. F. M., St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N. Y. Sermon Sunday and Monday evenings.

Confirmation will be given Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock by the Rt. Rev. John E. Fitz Maurice, D. D., Bishop of Erie.

Olean Fair September 4, 5, 6 & 7.

Account Olean Fair and Races to be held at Olean September 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, the P., S. & N. R. R. offer special rates from all stations Wayland, Hornell and south. Tickets valid going on regular trains on the above dates and for return on or before September 8th. For further particulars see hand bills, or apply to P., S. & N. R. R. agents.

Aug.24-2t JOS. T. ODELL, G. P. A.

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DAVID L. BARR DEAD.

Former Smethport Young Man Passed Away at Mt. Jewett on Monday.

David L. Barr, aged 36 years, died at his home in Mt. Jewett, Monday morning at 2:25 o'clock after an illness of long duration. He was a former resident of Bradford, leaving for Mt. Jewett about five years ago.

His health had been failing for the past four years and on December 2, 1908 suffered a stroke of paralysis, since which time he had been an invalid.

Mr. Barr was a conductor on the B. L. & K. railroad and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He was a member of the Order of Railroad Conductors and of Tuna Lodge, No. 411, I. O. O. F., and McKean Encampment, No. 266, of this city.

Deceased is survived by his widow, Mrs. Phoebe Barr, of Mt. Jewett; his father, J. M. Barr; two sisters, Mrs. E. T. Langrick and Mrs. Cora Barr-Digel, and one brother, Charles T. Barr, all of Bradford.—Era.

David Barr spent a number of years of his life in Smethport and during that time made many friends who will sincerely mourn his untimely demise.

The funeral services were held in Mt. Jewett yesterday afternoon and his remains were brought to Smethport later in the day and laid at rest in the family plot in Rose Hill cemetery, the services being under the auspices of the I. O. O. F.

COLES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Things That May Occur, According to This Great Prognosticator.

There will be nineteen "high dood" days and eleven "low ebb" days during the month, and the indications are that it will be a very lively month. Earth's autumnal equinox covers all of September, with Mercury and Vulcan falling in at such times as to make the regular storm periods prompt and decisive. The great danger from regular storm periods will be on or about the 8th, 15th and 22nd. Equinoctial hurricanes are almost certain to come, menacing and endangering all our Gulf and Atlantic coast regions during most of the storm periods, especially during the middle part of the month. The [illegible] will bring [illegible] barometer to most parts of the country.

There is much work to be done during this fall month. The worst weeds go to seed this month. Ply them with a hoe. Best days for such work will be the 18th, 19th and 20th.

Best days to plant bulbs during September will be the 5th, 12th, 19th and 23rd.

This month is a good time to sow seeds of many annuals for next years' growth—try the 7th, 14th, 25th and 29th. These days will also be excellent for transplanting trees, shrubbery, cuttings, etc. Remove the tops from the asparagus to prevent them from scattering the seed.

Cultivation of the raspberry should be continued up to the first frost in fall.

Most orchard fruits are now ready to be gathered. Best days to gather fruit, vegetables, etc., will be Wednesday, the 6th; Thursday, the 14th; Friday, the 15th; Friday, the 22nd; and Saturday, the 23rd. The 6th will be an excellent day to gather fruit for shipping.

If your fruit trees are infested with wire worms, pour lime around the base of the tree. It will kill the worm and cure the tree.

Strongest days to perform all surgical operations will be the 6th, 7th, 8th, a. m., and 20th; next strongest days, the 2nd, 15th, 23rd and 29th.

For September fishing days try the 6th, 7th, 16th, 25th, 26th and 30th.

The graduates of the Lock Haven State Normal School are everywhere filling important positions, not only in the public schools, but as County and City Superintendents, College Professors and in business affairs. A recent graduate was appointed during the last month as State Entomologist of Indiana at a handsome salary. He attributes much of his success to the careful training in science that he received at Lock Haven. Other students can do likewise. During the last two years, the school has been filled to its capacity and in the future the number of students will be limited in order that they may all receive individual attention. Its object is to develop home-life and to advance its young men and women morally and intellectually. Write for its handsome catalog.

THE BIG FAIR AND RACES.

Preparations Are Being Made for an Unusually Big Time.

Following is a part of the program and some information for those who are going to attend the big McKean County Fair and Races this year:

Fireman's Day.

Wednesday, September 13th, is the Fireman's Day at the McKean County fair. The preparation for this day is arousing widespread interest throughout the county. The Fair association has offered prizes for the following events which will take place in front of the grand stand directly after dinner:

Hose race, Hub and Hub race, Relay race, Prize Drill, and $25 will be given to the largest and best appearing company competing, to consist of not less than 20 men. In the evening there will be an illuminated parade on Main street of Smethport. The committee appointed by the Smethport Fire Department consists of 25 men to entertain the visiting firemen. Every day signifies that Wednesday, the 13th, will be a red letter day at the fair.

Events in McKean Co. H. S. Athletic Meet.

Friday, September 15th, at the fair will be held the McKean County High School Athletic Meet and the following events will be pulled off:

Four mile run, Hurdle race, One Hundred Yard dash, Shot Put, Running Broad Jump, Half Mile relay, Half Mile run, Running High jump, Pole Vault, Quarter Mile run. The races will begin at 11 o'clock sharp. Eldred, Smethport, Kane, Port Allegany and Mt. Jewett will enter teams.

The Fair's Midway or "Tow Path."

The midway, or "tow path" as it is called, will be the largest and best ever offered by any fair in this section. Among the attractions already booked are: Merry-Go-Round, Ocean Wave, Ferris Wheel, African Dip, Striking Machines, the Elusive Hot Dog, Hoky Poky, [illegible], Big Double-jointed [illegible], the [illegible], Popcorn, and numerous other refreshments too numerous to mention. A special mention is being made of Colonel, the famous educated horse. He is the most wonderful animal of his kind ever known in history. He will add, subtract, count, take money out of the till, tell the time of day, is the only horse in the world that can play musical instruments, also pick out colors of any description. The directors are away at the present time visiting other fairs for the purpose of securing other attractions in addition to these already mentioned.

Take a day off or the whole week and we can entertain you for any length of time.

The Jewell Bros. make a balloon ascension and leap every day. The Four Marvelous Mells in their wonderful Revolving Aerial Novelty, doing the most daring deeds in the air on flying rings ever seen before the public, come direct from the Toronto fair. The Globe Comedy Four is another free attraction consisting of four colored singers who will sing many of the old time melodies as well as the new comedies. This is the best act of its kind procurable.

Entries.

Now is the time to make your entries. Do not wait until Saturday, Sept. 9th, which is the last day. In filling out the blank write in the first column the Department, that is if you enter a horse, place in the first column Department A. In the second column give the class number. For example, if you desire to enter a roadster write in the second column class number, which would be number 10. In the third column give the catalogue number. If you have some fine Ben Davis apples which you desire to bring to the fair on looking over the catalogue this apple is listed on page 86, number 1242. In making your entry write in the third column number 1242. In the fourth column write the name of the article or animal which is to be entered just as worded in the catalogue. Supposing you have some Zig-Zag sweet corn to be entered on page 79 you will find this listed which write in the fourth column of entry blank as worded in the catalogue, which is, Zig Zag Sweet Corn, 12 ears.

Out of 2600 catalogues there are about 250 at this writing in the Fair office and if any reader wishing to make an entry and without a catalogue write the secretary for a copy. Remember that entries can be made by mail and must reach the Fair office by not later than Sept. 9th.

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THE BLACK DAGGER

A Story of China

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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[illegible] Harpeth first met on the Pacific liner [illegible] and from the [illegible] attraction of congenial natures there developed a warm personal liking. Garland was from the state of Maine and Harpeth was a son of California. Out of 70,000,000 human souls fate had drawn these two, one from the east and the other from the west, to play the principal parts in a strange incident.

They had left the fairy islands of Japan far behind and were drawing near to the flat outline of the China coast.

"Are you going to stop over in Shanghai?" asked Garland with a touch of Yankee inquisitiveness. "Haven't heard you say."

There was a little pause while Harpeth's eyes sought the rising coast line.

"Possibly." He clipped the word rather sharply.

Garland glanced at him curiously. "You know I really didn't mean to pry into your affairs," he said apologetically. "It's rather a natural question for one tourist to ask another."

"Surely, no harm done," returned Harpeth quickly. "How about yourself—you going to stop over?"

It was Garland's turn to show embarrassment. The quick look of interrogation he flashed at his companion was met by Harpeth's expression of languid indifference. It was quite plain that Harpeth had asked the question merely to make conversation and that he cared nothing about the matter.

"Maybe I'll stop over to see the city," said Garland.

Clumsy junks came teetering over the sea toward the mouth of the Yangtse [illegible] tripleo [illegible] them far [illegible] ... [illegible] on to the little [illegible] ... [illegible] the tributary river the Hwangpu to hospitable [illegible].

In the crowd Garland and Harpeth [illegible] ... [illegible]

[illegible]

In [illegible] reached [illegible] he drew from his pocket the little map he had studied earlier in the evening and turned the flash from his pocket light upon it.

Pocketing the map and snapping off the light though he held it in his left hand while his right hand closed around a small revolver Garland plunged into the opening to find himself in the crooked passage which was [illegible] down its length by the moon which hung above its roofless walls.

On either side of the white stone walls there stood out sharply the little black daggers which seemed to point his way. Glancing to the right and left he followed their guidance until one last circling curve of the passage brought him sharply up against another arched opening which gave forth a damp earthy smell. On the stone post of the door was painted another black dagger pointing downward. Garland flashed on his lamp and saw a wriggling flight of broken stone steps dropping down into a black pit. For an instant he hesitated and then with a shrug of his shoulders he stepped forward.

He counted twenty-seven steps in all before his feet touched soft earth. He extinguished his light for an instant and tried to pierce the darkness with his eyes.

Before he snapped on the light again he was startled into rigidity by the sound of footsteps treading the passage overhead. They came rapidly with sharp rapping clicks of leather boot heels on stone. This was not the soft padding of felted native slippers. It was the tread of a fearless man wearing European footgear or perhaps American boots like his own.

Garland moved backward and away from the steps until his back struck sharply against a cold wall. There he stood a part of the enveloping blackness, while the footsteps stopped at the arched door and then by the flare of a sputtering candle jammed in the neck of a soda water bottle Garland saw a pair of trousers descend the first few steps. Then as the man came down the candle flame lighted his shirt front and reached his chin just as a whiff of air from out of nowhere in particular extinguished the light.

"Dash it all!" muttered the man in English and Garland felt a queer little thrill of relief that the interloper was not a Chinese.

After some fussing and a final exclamation of disgust because he failed to find another match about his person the newcomer flung his candle aside and seemed to stop and consider the situation.

Perhaps he heard Garland's carefully controlled breathing, for suddenly he asked, "Who's there?"

Garland hesitated and then decided not to answer. Perhaps the stranger would go away now that he was without a light. In the meantime he would endeavor to reach his goal by edging along the wall against which he was leaning.

His feet made no sound in the soft earth and he had made considerable progress when he became conscious of heavy breathing behind him and he knew that the newcomer was following in his wake.

Garland reached an angle of the wall, followed it around, turned again and once again into a small square recess which had a window slanting upward to some cunningly contrived opening above ground which admitted the moonlight to throw a silver cloth over a stone table. On the stone table was a small shadowy slit perhaps the width of a dagger's blade.

The two men reached the table together and in the moonlight stared pantingly at each other. The moon lighted them up to their lips and above that their faces were in darkness.

"If you've got a light for heaven's sake turn it on," growled the newcomer impatiently and Garland, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for him to have met a fellow white man on this secret errand of his, snapped on his lamp and threw its broad white beam across the face of—Harpeth.

"Garland!" said Harpeth stupidly. And then with fierce suspicion he went on, "You followed me. I thought better of you than that, old man."

"I was here first," ejaculated Garland. "I'm blamed if I don't believe you're following me!"

"You had an errand here?" Harpeth put the question hesitatingly.

"Yes, and yours is probably the same," said Garland with a trace of relief in his tones. "I was fearfully afraid you'd dig ... would find out and [illegible] but somehow it's so [illegible] spooky down here I'm glad of [illegible] even if it's a rival [illegible]," he paused suggestively.

"[illegible] black dagger," asked Harpeth quietly.

Garland nodded. "I guess you've met with Wah Sung Loo, haven't you? I saw him in Portland."

"And I in Los Angeles," admitted Harpeth. "Did he sell you information concerning the black dagger which contained one of the biggest emeralds in the world and which was concealed by one of his thieving ancestors in this spot? Did he tell you how you could reach it and as he was dying and might never come back to this country he would sell a map of its location for $100? Well he told me the same yarn and I took a chance on it too. Since I started however I've had a thousand misgivings. [illegible] that the old rascal [illegible] the story himself. I believe that to him it was a tradition—nothing more and he made money out of it."

"[illegible] too and yet—I'm going to try [illegible] that black dagger," Harpeth. "Here's the black dagger he gave me. I suppose you've got its mate. I'll just drop it in this slit. Well, by Jove it touches something that's giving way! Now what do you think of that?"

The table top swung up and slipped back into a recess disclosing a small square stone receptacle in which was crushed a heap of tattered yellow silk, which dropped to dust under their fingers. In the heap of dust was a dark object which Harpeth's fingers drew to the light. It was a small dagger of finely tempered steel almost black in color. In the hilt was set the largest emerald the Americans had ever seen.

"It's a good thing it's big enough to divide so we won't quarrel over it," said Garland and the other nodded approval.

"I wonder if Wah Sung Loo knew this was here," began Garland speculatively as they emerged into the open air.

"Never," interrupted Harpeth with a grin. "Didn't believe it himself and thought he'd stung us for fair—hardly calculated we'd come out after it."

"I'm not sorry though," chuckled Garland as they went back along the winding path to the river where two sleepy coolies awaited them with sampans.

THE ARTIST'S IDOL.

She Didn't Know Anything About Music; She Only Loved It.

The incident happened upon one of the great ocean liners during an autumn trip when a famous violinist was among the passengers. At first he firmly refused to play but was finally persuaded and upon the appointed evening the salon was crowded with eager passengers.

It was a most enthusiastic audience intelligent sympathetic and appreciative yet as the evening wore on people began to notice that the violinist's glance went always in one direction and after a time others followed it.

They saw a plain little woman plainly dressed with no marks of wealth or culture. But she was [illegible] the master with shining eyes, her face wet with tears unmindful of everything except the magic of his violin. When the program was ended, pushing his way through the people who would have detained him, the musician went straight to the little shabby figure.

"Madame, I congratulate you—you are ze great artist!" he cried.

She looked up at him almost in alarm.

"I—oh—I cannot play a note," she stammered. "I don't know anything about music. I only—love it."

The violinist shook his big shaggy head impatiently.

"Is it not what I say? You have ze artist soul—ze artist to listen. What good to play to ze deaf—like ze rest?" with a disparaging gesture toward the crowded room. "It is to ze one wiz ze heart to listen zat we masters play."—Youth's Companion.

AN OLD TIME EXPLOSION.

Its Curious Phases Told by a Seventeenth Century Scribe

An old chronicler tells a curious story of an explosion which occurred in London Jan 4 1649. A ship chandler it seems "about 7 of the clock at night being busy in his shop about barreling up of gunpowder it took fire and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabout to the number of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known for the next house but one was the Rose tavern a house never (at that time of night) but full of company. And in three or four days after digging they continually found heads arms legs etc. The most interesting part of the account comes further on.

"In the digging they found the mistress of the house of the Rose tavern sitting in her bar and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side with a pot in his hand only stifled by dust and smoke, their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across one upon another.

"There was also found upon the upper leads of Barking church a young child lying in a cradle as newly laid in bed neither child nor cradle having the least sign of fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial for in the year 1666 I saw the child grown to be then a proper maiden."

The Green Plover

Every man on the land knows the lapwing or green plover though [illegible] may not know that this bird is one of the very best friends of the farmer and literally worth its weight in gold several times. It takes its proper name [illegible] from the regular slow flapping of the long, rounded wings. Because of its peculiar cry it is popularly known in England as the peewit and in Scotland as peesweep. The Germans call it Kibitz. The French say that it can count eighteen (eighteen in French is dixhuit, which is pronounced deezweet). The peewit is found in every country in Europe and Asia. In Great Britain it was once very common being chiefly found in marshes moors and meadows but its numbers are gradually decreasing because its eggs are collected and sold as "plovers' eggs" for which there is a large demand during the proper season.—Smallholder.

The Hawaiian Language

The language of Hawaii is very simple. To one who hears it for the first time comes the conviction that the aboriginals expressed their sentiments in primitive vowel sounds to which some consonants have been added. Each vowel is sounded as in Latin and the words are easily pronounced by one who is patient and wishes to speak distinctly. The pronunciation will be all the better if the speaker will draw out, almost drawl the vowel sounds, for which reason the language is well suited to the doleful Hawaiian wail. Say Hoo noo lun lun and let the word sing itself.—Rosary Magazine.

Glass Windows.

The first glass window in England was put up in an abbey about the year 680. Glass windows however did not become general for many hundred years and as late as 1579 the glass casements at Alnwick castle, the Duke of Northumberland's seat, were regularly taken down when the family was away from home.

One Thing Sure.

"My wife went to town today to get a good plain cook."

"Did she get one?"

"I don't know whether she's a good one yet, but she's plain, all right."—Baltimore American.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

Shooting Stars.

Astronomers estimate that about 150,000,000,000 of shooting stars reach this earth in the form of meteorites or dust every year. Of course shooting stars in reality are not stars at all, they are little cosmic particles often weighing much less than one ounce and composed mostly of iron and carbon. Most of them travel around the sun in the same fashion that comets do following very flattened elliptical trajectories. Sometimes it happens that the trajectory of some of these bodies cross the trajectory of our own earth. If the little meteorite and the earth get to that point at the same time they naturally collide. These planetoids are not luminous in themselves. So long as they fly through ether (which is but an ideal [illegible]) there is no friction, therefore no heat and no light. But as soon as they enter the atmosphere with which our globe is surrounded their speed is so great that the friction against the air immediately lights and volatilizes them.—New York World.

Train Your Breathing

"If one learns to breathe properly when young he finds the benefit of it in middle and old age," said a physician.

"You will notice that when a middle aged man gets into a train he holds his breath and then grunts loudly as he sits down. This is a stupid practice. It throws a terrific strain on the heart and may even burst a blood vessel in the lungs or the brain. Many of those sudden deaths we hear of are due to holding the breath while making a violent effort. Only the trained athlete is usually free from this fault. Athlete or not every one should practice easy and regular breathing. If it cannot be managed with closed mouth then the mouth should be opened when performing such operations as lifting a weight running upstairs stepping into a railway carriage and the like. You may add years to your life by this little precaution.—London Globe.

A Heartless Father

"I need some help with my household duties," announced Mrs. Malden, [illegible] when her husband came home the other night.

"What's the matter with our daughter?" the husband wanted to know.

"Our daughter? The idea! Why, Jim you know she's awfully delicate and she would die if she had to do my household work. She has her school and—"

"And what? Her teacher's report shows that she isn't doing a bit of school work."

"But she is the star member of her basketball team and you know she is eager to take the prize at the gymnasium contest. But that's just like a man—wanting a delicate girl to engage in rough hard labor. Be ashamed of yourself, Jim Jenkins! You have no feeling."—Boston Traveler.

Modern Dew Ponds

The ancient "dew ponds" of England have their modern counterparts on the rock of Gibraltar where drinking water is obtained by the condensation of the abundant dew in especially prepared basins. The primitive process consists in making a hollow in the ground and filling the bottom with dry straw over which is placed a layer of clay. On a clear night the clay cools very rapidly and the dew is condensed into water in the basin. The pond is improved by putting a layer of asphalt or portland cement under the straw. At Gibraltar the present practice is to use wood instead of straw and sheet iron instead of clay.

Electric Centipedes

Least attractive among the insects which give light are the so called electric centipedes, black crawlers with many legs which have been likened to serpents' skeletons in miniature. They move in a snakelike fashion forward or backward leaving behind them a bright track of phosphoric light. However they are most accustomed to appear in the daytime when the illumination they afford is not visible.—London Times.

Made the Cannon Balls Fit

The first battle of the war of 1812 was fought at Sacketts Harbor July 9 1812 and consisted of an attack made upon the village. The inhabitants had but one gun of sufficient size and strength to inflict damage a thirty-two pounder for which they had no shot. This difficulty was overcome by the patriotism of the housewives who tore up carpets from the floors and with strips wound the small balls to fit the cannon.

The Retort Caustic.

Artist's Friend (patronizingly)—I think those thistles in your foreground are superbly realistic old chap! 'Pon my word, they actually seem to be nodding in the breeze, don't you know?

Ungrateful Artist—Yes. I have had one or two people tell me they would almost deceive an ass!

The Greatest Social Force

The middle classes are the preponderant social force of today in republics as well as in monarchies, in Europe as in America. Everything is everywhere subordinated to the necessity of satisfying them as speedily and as thoroughly as possible.—Ferrero in Paris Figaro.

Two of a Kind

Polite Neighbor—Everybody says your husband is such a wide awake man, Mrs Jobbles. Mrs Jobbles (with a sigh)—Yes, and the baby takes after him!

There is no utter failure in trying to do what is good.

Getting Near to Nature.

It was not always perfectly clear at first thought just what Ben Caldon meant when he spoke. The best a hearer could do was to guess at the most obvious meaning and let it go at that. In the matter of a captive moose which belonged to Ben, the doctor followed this course. The moose was undoubtedly sick, and a veterinary had been summoned to attend him. Ben went out to the pen to assist the doctor.

"Is he mortal, doc?" asked Ben with extreme concern.

"Are you asking if he is sick?" hazarded the doctor.

"Sure," replied Ben. "Only I meant is he goin' to die from it?"

"It's too soon to tell you yet," replied the doctor, "but he has pneumonia pretty badly."

Ben's eyes grew round with surprise. Pneumonia in his experience had been confined to humankind.

"Why, doc," he burst out, "does a moose have features like a grown person?"—Youth's Companion.

First Aid

Speaking of the necessity for widespread education in first aid to the injured the St. Louis Times says:

"Perhaps it will not be taken amiss if we call attention to the obvious fact that nine-tenths of all the trouble in the world is due to ignorance of certain simple things. It might even be said safely that all mishaps of whatever kind—mental, physical and spiritual—are due to a want of experience and training. Accidents of a thousand varieties from drowning to the taking of a dose from the wrong bottle are in a majority of cases fatal simply because there was not present some one who knew what to do. Injuries which almost tear the body to pieces are curable if the man of training and experience is at hand. The simplest injuries often prove fatal when they are not properly attended to, when the injured person does not get the benefit of a little simple help."

How a Great Surgeon Died

While Bichat the famous surgeon was dying of typhoid fever he turned to an old colleague who was sitting beside his bed and said to him:

"My friend I am lost but it is some consolation to know that my case is very curious. During the last few days I have noticed some odd symptoms and I am studying them carefully."

"Oh, you may recover yet," said the friend.

"That is impossible," replied Bichat, "and if it were not for one thing I would be quite willing to die."

"What is that?" asked the friend.

"I am exceedingly sorry," answered Bichat, "that I shall not have an opportunity to perform an autopsy on myself after my death for I know that I would make some wonderful scientific discovery."

An hour later he was dead.

When the World Was Drunk

Nowhere in all the world today can be found as many confirmed drunkards as there were among the Phoenicians, the Hebrews, the Celts or the Scythians. The man who didn't get drunk every day or two was regarded as queer. The Greeks were moderate drinkers until they began to enjoy the luxury of the Persian feasts. The Romans imitated the Greeks. Then the whole world went on a grand drunk. It was a saturnalia. Call the excess his niche in the hall of fame to the drunken banquets with which he made even Rome marvel. The excesses made fashionable by such potentates as Lucullus, Nero, Verres, Tiberius, Caligula, Vitellius and Domitian really began in the days of Pompeii and they mark the beginning of the end of the republic.—Argonaut.

Shekels and Half Shekels

The early Biblical references to pieces of silver do not in the original convey the idea of coins but of weights shekels. The Mosaic oblation to God was a half shekel and the shekel is explained by Josephus as equal to four Athenian drachmae or of the value of about 55½ cents in American money. The first Jewish coinage under authority was it is believed struck by Simon the Maccabee about the year 140 B. C. It consisted of shekels and half shekels. This coinage had its value signified upon it "Shekel Israel" in Samaritan characters.

Handicapped

"While coming down in the train this morning I noticed two deaf and dumb men sitting opposite me. One of them had an impediment in his speech."

"How could a deaf and dumb man have an impediment in his speech?"

"Two of his fingers were cut off."—Exchange.

Patience

Patience is the most important factor in making a success of life. No great work was ever accomplished without a wholesome amount of this attribute practiced by the achiever.

Eager to Go

"My good man, how did you happen to be thrown out of work?"

"I got out," replied Weary Wombat, with dignity. "I didn't hafter be thrown out."—Washington Herald.

Hope Deferred

Singleton—I understand your mother-in-law is very rich. Does she enjoy good health? Henpeckke—Enjoy it! She positively gloats over it.—Exchange.

Conscience is harder than our enemies, knows more, accuses with more nicety.—George Eliot.

Pickled Steel.

"To keep the iron and steel used in building big ships from rusting," said an engineer, "is a matter of supreme importance. The admiralty is very particular that every piece shall be painted the moment it is ready for building purposes. But the steel plates form a hard black surface called mill scale in the process of manufacture. This clings tenaciously to the plate and if it is covered with paint and afterward the plate gets damaged then the scale peels off, taking the paint with it and leaving the steel bare. The plate is then liable to rust corrosion, a serious danger to the ship.

We therefore remove every trace of scale before painting the steel plate. It is put into a bath of dilute hydrochloric or [illegible] which loosens the scale. The plate is then brushed with wire brushes and washed with a hose. This is what we call 'pickling steel.'"—London Answers.

The One That Chose to Pay.

Three men had been out on a spree, and on the way home late at night they made a wager that the one who did not do as his wife told him should pay for a champagne supper the following night.

The first one returned home and his wife greeted him thus:

"Hello, you beauty! That's right—knock all the ornaments off the mantelpiece!"

He knocked them all off.

The second returned and on going into his house fell against the piano whereupon his wife said:

"Go on, get a chopper and smash it up!"

He did so.

The third returned and on going upstairs his wife said:

"You miserable wretch, fall down stairs and break your neck!"

Needless to say, he paid for the supper.—London Spare Moments.

The Antiquity of Man

It has been known during a long time that in western Europe man existed during the glacial epoch. We now know that the great ice age consisted of different glacial times separated by interglacial times. In glacial times the snow line dropped 3,000 or 4,000 feet below its present level in the Alps, whereas in interglacial times it lay about 1,000 feet higher than at present. Thus the temperature seems to have been higher in the interglacial periods than it is now. There is abundant evidence in the opinion of Penck that man existed during the beginning of the last glacial epoch. There is some reason for thinking that at least 20,000 years have elapsed since the last glaciation and that the man whose jawbone was found in 1909 near Heidelberg lived 200,000 years ago.—Scientific American.

Improving on Shakespeare.

"In a Jacksonville court," said a Florida congressman, "a lawyer quoted Shakespeare—'Who steals my purse steals trash' to the judge.

"'What's that?' the judge demanded.

"'I said, "Who steals my purse steals trash,"' the lawyer repeated. 'Tis something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'tis his [illegible].'

"'Order! [illegible] hear you!' said the judge [illegible].

"'Who steals my purse steals trash,' repeated the [illegible] steals trash.'

"'[illegible] growled the deaf judge.

"At this point the clerk thought it time to interfere. He bent over the judge and shouted in his ear:

"'He just says, sir, that anybody what steals his pocketbook won't get nothing.'"

Cromwell and the Specter

The stories of the "white lady" that periodically visits the German royal family and of the "little red man" that frequently paid his respects to the great Napoleon are tolerably well known, especially that of the former. But few perhaps are familiar with the story of Cromwell's giant specter. It appeared to him one night when he was wide awake and quietly resting on his couch. In appearance the apparition was a woman of gigantic proportions. Approaching him she announced in tones like thunder: "Within the year you my son will be recognized as the greatest man in Britain."

Insects That Use Rubber

When para trees are tapped after the gum has run into receptacles and stiffened a species of large black ant is accustomed to cut out pieces of the rubber and carry them away. Bees also find uses for India rubber and some species in South America actually cut the bark of trees that produce resinous substances in order to cause a flow of the sap. The gum is employed by the bees as a ready made wax for their nests.—Harper's Weekly.

The Gilded Man

At the headquarters of the Orinoco Spanish traditions located the land of El Dorado, "the gilded man," a potentate whose country was so rich in gold dust that he had his body anointed with oil and sprinkled with gold every morning so that he shone in the sun as though gilded.

An Old Story

"She tells me that there is a platonic love. What does that mean, hubby?"

"Means that we'll have to dig up for a wedding present in about two months."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

That Would Do

"If you want to find out who is boss here start something."

"All right. I see your clock isn't going."—New York Press.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.—Garrick.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything [illegible]

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street. Smethport, PA

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very fayorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

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JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 31, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Stoves are advertised by Tody & Garlick in this issue.

—For big news read Monheimer's advertisement in this issue.

—Read what Anderson & Carlson, the shoe men, have to say this week.

—One week from next Tuesday the McKean County Fair and Raves opens.

—The Grange National Bank has a large advertisement in this issue which is brief and to the point.

—It is said that chicken and green corn thieves are getting in some fine work in various parts of the town. A number of citizens are losers thereby and some of them have threatened to use the shotgun method of justice if their chickens or corn are further molested.

—The Golden Rule Jersey farm of 90 acres, located at South Olean, N. Y., owned by George Mallery, was sold on Friday through the Olean office of the Herrick Agency to C. F. Johnson of Franklinville, N. Y. The sale included stock, machinery and crops with immediate possession.

A diminutive son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lewis of No. 5 Bennett street at the Bradford hospital on Saturday. The newcomer weighed only 2½ pounds and was so small that it looked like a sample baby greatly reduced in size. The little fellow was promptly placed in an incubator. He was not expected to long survive, but he is still alive and apparently doing well in his own small way.—Bradford Star.

—Tuesday while drawing a load of logs to mill from the John Coulston farm at Ellisburg, George Allen met with sudden death. He was crossing a bridge when one side broke down, precipitating him and the load into the stream. He fell face downward a number of logs falling on top of him. The body was prepared for burial by Undertaker J. W. Cortright and taken to Canisteo for burial. The deceased was 63 years old and leaves a wife and two brothers.—Coudersport Journal.

—While a Kane automobile party were going down the Hazelhurst hill yesterday morning below Mt. Jewett a half dozen men were observed in the middle of the road fighting, and a majority of them seemed to be directing their blows on one man, who begged the man at the wheel to stop and take him in, but not wanting to get mixed up in an affair of the kind succeeded in getting through, which stopped the fight until the auto had passed and then the bunch pounced upon their man again and what the outcome was we have not learned.—Monday's Kane Republican.

—A. J. Emerson, the only occupant of a house in the resident section of Olean, N. Y., was seized with acute [illegible] Saturday afternoon and his groans attracted residents who summoned an ambulance. Emerson refused to be taken to the hospital and the driver of the ambulance decide dthat he was only drunk and drove away. The police were notified and used more judgment. They called in physicians who properly diagnosed the cause of Emerson's illness and by this time he was willing to be removed to the hospital where for several hours his condition was extremely critical.

—Bertha Pinkerton, a Tionesta girl, who several months ago was the cause of a sensational trial in which two Bradford men were involved, has once more appeared in the limelight. Following the trial of the men, the girl was committed to the Bethesda Home in charge of [illegible] Fenton. She had appeared quite contented in the home and was supposed to be satisfied with her surroundings, until a few nights ago when she disappeared. It was found that $12 in cash as well as the girl [illegible] and it is concluded that [illegible] with Bertha. They [illegible] locate the unfortunate girl.

—"Smile," writes a[illegible]. Take your medicine, if you have to, but take it with a smile. The [illegible] of fate never hurt the man who takes them with a smile. If you are knocked down, get up smiling! If you are broke, smile! It will not make you any poorer. If you are getting the worst of it, smile! You have had the worst of it anyhow, so smile! If you lose your job, smile! It may get you another one, and anyhow nobody is going to hire a grouch if he can help it. A grouch works three times as hard as a cheerful man doing the same thing. A grouch can be knocked out with one punch, but you have to harpoon and parboil the man who smiles before he is licked. A smile helps you and it helps the other fellow. A smile on the face of a man in hard luck in the battle of life is worth all the frowns that an army of grouches can scatter. The gloom-look costs money and friends—the smile makes them. Smile!

—The Warren Mirror says that John M. Andrews is not following Howard Benham, the Batavia, N. Y., murderer by writing a history of his life and authorizes the Mirror to so state for the benefit of the gossipsmiths. He says that he has in his possession a history of some of the persons who have been his malicious persecutors and that it would make very spicy reading, but would in no way have a bearing upon the murder of Emile Amann. He states that friends have offered to advance money to have this matter printed in pamphlet form for free distribution. The statements are to be backed up with affidavits and such an edition would doubtless be in great demand as the Mirror understands that some of the matter is exceedingly "ripe and juicy." The paper also states that word was received in Warren to the effect that Judge and Mrs. W. D. Hinckley will arrive home within the next few days. During the past three weeks they have been sojourning at the Straitsmouth Inn, Rockport, Mass. Judge Hinckley's decision upon the application for a new trial for Andrews is anxiously awaited by the residents of town and county, but it is not believed that it will be given before the September term of court.

UMPIRES AND GRIT

Courageous Acts of the Men In the Iron Masks.

A FINE DISPLAY OF NERVE.

When Billy Evans Braved the Onslaught of a Chicago Mob and Won Out—A Notable Decision by O'Day. An Umpire Who Saved Baseball.

"Umpires are brave men—at least the great majority of them. One of the bravest things I ever saw was the act of Billy Evans on the old White Sox grounds in Chicago," writes Hugh Fullerton in the American Magazine. "On that park there was a tier of seats known as the 'stockyards,' in which gathered one of the most dangerous crowds (for umpires) in the country. They were regulars who occupied the same seats almost every day and who fought for them. The seats, of course, were not reserved, but hundreds claimed a title to certain places. They paid their quarters, and if any one was in the place and refused to move he was tossed out and thrown over the heads of the crowd to the bottom. That crowd started after Evans, who had given a close decision at third base against Chicago. Evans walked over on to foul ground back of first base, and a shower of bottles fell around him. It looked as if a hundred men were throwing bottles at the umpire. One bottle touched his cap, several bounded and struck him, one hit him on the arm. During this bombardment Evans did not turn his head. He stood watching the batter. For at least three minutes the bottles whistled around his head. The people in the grand stand shouted for him to run, fearing he would be killed. The players begged him to move into the diamond out of range. He stood still with back to his foes until the batter made a base hit, then trotted down near second base to watch for a play there. As the opposing team took the field a few moments later Evans walked to the same position back of first base, and the crowd that had tried to kill him stood up and cheered him. They recognized a brave man. One fellow threw a bottle, and the crowd pitched him down the steep steps, passing him along until he hit the fence.

"The nerviest decision and one of the most important ever made was that of Umpire O'Day in the world's championship game between Chicago and Detroit on Oct. 8, 1907, the first game of the series which finally ended in a tie in twelve innings. In the eleventh inning Chicago actually scored the winning run only to lose it through the decision of O'Day, a Chicago man and a National leaguer. Slagle was on third base and started home with the ball back of third in left field. The ball was thrown home and arrived after Slagle had crossed the plate and was nearly to the bench. Steinfeldt, who had been batting, was excited and when the ball was thrown at the plate, wild, and wide, he jumped and let it hit his shoulder and prevented Schmidt from catching it. O'Day, in spite of the fact that Slagle had crossed the plate and that there wasn't a chance to put him out, called him out because of Steinfeldt's interference.

"[illegible] land one day when Tim Hurst, widely known as the 'scrappy ump,' was officiating. Burkett was trying to score from second on a hit. The catcher failed to touch his foot, but touched his knee, and Cleveland claimed the foot reached the rubber before the ball reached the knee. Hurst called him out, and in the wrangle that followed expelled Pat Tebeau, O'Connor and Burkett from the game. Then he put them off the grounds. They left the playing inclosure, but all three had their heads over a gate shouting at Hurst and urging the other players to avenge them. Tebeau shouted to good old Deacon Maguire, who was catching, 'Get after him, Jim!' Hurst heard, but was not in position to reply. Maguire heard and waited until he thought Hurst miscalled a strike. Then he rushed at the umpire at top speed. Hurst stood still. When Maguire came near enough Hurst kicked him on the shins and poked his mask into his face. Maguire fell back, astonished. 'If you don't like it, Jim,' said Hurst softly, 'give it to Pat. I merely punched you vicariously.'

"They are 'square men,' these umpires, forced to be a bit gruff and to fight, but their devotion to their work and their honest effort to discharge their duties mark them as men of high integrity. And they are 'game.' I saw Bob Emslie once when a foul ball struck him over the heart. The pain was excruciating. His face grew white, and he set his teeth together and resumed work. Three balls were pitched after he was hit. He called them all clearly. Then he collapsed, falling as if dead, and was carried off the field unconscious.

"One night I saw politicians, wealthy men, club owners, argue for hours with an umpire. All they wanted him to say was 'I didn't see it.' Upon those words hung the fate of a championship, the future of a major league and the honesty of baseball. The umpire replied, 'But, —— it, I did see it!' And he saved baseball."

Gentle Hint.

"You want to go back to your husband, do you? How did you tell him?"

"I bought myself a new hat and sent him the bill."—Fliegende Blatter.

When the heart is won the understanding is easily convinced. — Simmons.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

A Comedy Scene In Which Grief Played a Leading Part.

"Stage fright is not one of the emotions which get across the footlights," writes Miss Alice Crawford. "Audiences are for the most part as serenely unconscious of it as they are of other individual sentiments in the actors having no relation to the incidents of the play.

"I shall never forget an instance of this curious insensibility of the crowd. Once when I was touring one of the most charming and popular girls of the company died after only a few days' illness. She was one of those sweet, tranquil natures and had endeared herself to us all. Her death in lodgings in the small provincial town had an element of real tragedy in it.

"The news that she was dead reached the theater in the evening just as two of the actors and I were about to go on for a scene of broad comedy. We went on the stage with tears in our eyes, and I can still see the face of one of those comedians with the great tears glistening on the paint. He was dreadfully affected. Try as he would, he could not control his voice, and the tears kept choking him as he rattled off his lines.

"The audience were convulsed every time his voice broke, and it made me cry more than ever to see the grief shaking him as he grinned and chaffed through his tears. Yet that comedy scene never went so well before. The audience never guessed."—Exchange.

STORY OF A MUD HEN.

And the Man Who Tried to Shoot or Drown the Bird.

"It is a mighty hard thing to down a mud hen," said a Portland official. "Every one knows this homely bird, so clever that it can dodge the flash of a gun, making it very hard to kill if any one ever wanted to kill one.

"A friend of mine who was a great hunter, but not acquainted with the mud hen, was out hunting on the Columbia sloughs some years ago when he saw what he thought was some kind of duck floating on the water. He aimed his shotgun and fired, but the bird dived as the gun was discharged, and the shot struck the water where the bird had been a moment before. As the smoke cleared away the hunter saw the bird come to the surface, and he gave it the other barrel, with the same result.

"His obstinacy was now aroused, and he determined to kill that bird before he left the place. He shot away every round of ammunition he had, but the bird dodged every one and still [illegible] the same spot. In great disgust my friend sat down on the bank and lit his pipe. At the first puff of smoke the bird dived again, and this gave him his inspiration.

"To make a short story, he smoked up all his tobacco in an effort to drown the mud hen, but when darkness fell and he started for home the bird was still floating in the same old spot."—Portland Oregonian.

A Wedding Ring Superstition.

Although there was a lifelong friendship to back up their business deals, the jeweler was not surprised when his old customer who had married a second time bought the wedding ring at another shop.

"If he should take a third wife he would buy the ring at still another store," the jeweler said. "That is one of the superstitions of the trade. A man may have the marrying habit ever so bad and require several wedding rings in his time, yet he never buys any two of them from the same place. Jewelers do not expect it. They don't want to sell two wedding rings to the same man. Bad luck would surely light on all concerned, and there is enough trouble in the world anyhow without deliberately inviting more of it by defying a good old wedding ring superstition."—New York Times.

Her Recommendation.

A woman prominent as a social worker was in the city to engage a new girl the other day. She visited an employment agency which makes a specialty of finding places for country housemaids and was much pleased with one from the country.

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked the woman.

"I didn't have no last place," answered the girl, "because I ain't had no last place to leave, and I'm still working at it, being for myself that I've been working, and I'm sure I'm a good servant, and I can recommend myself to you, ma'am."—Exchange.

Melodramatic.

A dramatist was condemning two melodramas that had had an unmerited success among the less cultivated portion of the public.

"The first," said the dramatist in his epigrammatic way, "was all blood and thunder, and the other was all thud and blunder."

Proof Positive.

Mrs. De Pretty—Horrors! That woman who just passed is a young man in disguise. Husband—Well, well! How do you know? Mrs. De Pretty—She looked at my face instead of my dress.—Washington Times.

The Horse's Comment.

The mule, being in a temper, kicked a few boards out of the side of the barn.

"One of those fresh air cranks," commented the horse to itself.—Buffalo Express.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

Warning That Came to a Granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott.

An instance in which a dream was useful in preventing an impending catastrophe is recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford at Ederton, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. This lady dreamed more than once that her mother had been murdered by a black servant. She was so much upset by this that she returned home, and, to her great astonishment and not a little to her dismay, she met on entering the house the very black servant she had met in her dream. He had been engaged in her absence. She prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night.

About 3 o'clock in the morning the gentleman heard footsteps on the stairs, came out and met the servant carrying some coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he answered confusedly that he was going to mend the mistress' fire, which at 3 o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible. On further investigation a strong knife was found hidden in the coals. The lady escaped, but the man was subsequently hanged for murder, and before his execution he confessed that he intended to assassinate Mrs. Rutherford.—London Standard.

GRAND CANYON.

An Ideal Place In Which to Realize the Insignificance of Man.

There is one place in this country where a man can step back not by hundreds but by thousands of years, back to the time when the continent was in the making. This place is the Grand Canyon of Arizona. There the visitor sees a panorama in a million colors as the mists gather about the rugged peaks and the sunlight glistens on the metallic deposits of the cliffs. A whole chaotic world discloses itself. Rock forms of uncanny beauty stand out on those unrivaled cliffs, and far down runs the river channel.

Stand on some ledge and realize the insignificance of man when compared with the handicraft of nature, watch a party of travelers threading their way down some winding trail that clings to the great wall and see them grow smaller and smaller until they become mere specks in the great rift, then some idea is gained of this wonderful place. Yet the canyon is so symmetrical and so unlike anything else that it is with difficulty that one can acquire any notion of its immensity. Niagara poured in would hardly have the dignity of a mountain stream.—New York Sun.

Humors of "Hamlet."

William Davidge related in his "Footlight Flashes" that during his strolling days in England, when companies were small, he had on the same evening done duty for Polonius, the ghost, Osric and the first gravedigger, and Edwin Booth remembered Thomas Ward dying in sight of the audience as the player king and being dragged from the mimic stage by the heels to enter immediately at another wing as Polonius, crying "Lights, lights, lights!" Hamlet in a one night town swearing he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers, has watched her through an open grave packing her trunk in the place beneath, while the ghost, her husband, waited to strap it up. There are more things in Hamlet's existence behind the scenes than are dreamed of in the philosophy of all his commentators and all his critics.—From the Green Book.

Corn and Water.

To those engaged in the handling of grain the natural shrinkage of shelled corn while in storage and in transit is a matter of prime importance and often a source of dispute because of shortage reported at time of receipt at warehouse and a further loss at date of final sale. In order to determine the amount of shrinkage or loss of weight occurring in corn the department of agriculture has conducted an experiment with 500 bushels of shelled corn. At the time of storage the moisture content was 18.8 per cent and at close of the test 14.7 per cent, or a loss of 4.1 per cent. The weight per bushel had decreased from 54.7 pounds to 50 pounds, and the total loss of weight was 1,970 pounds, or slightly more than 7 per cent.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

Sir Roger de Coverley was the name of a member of the imaginary club of twelve under whose direction Addison's Spectator was professedly published. He was an old school, bluff, good hearted English gentleman. The dance named after him is an English dance corresponding somewhat to the Virginia reel.

Her One Idea.

"His wife is a woman of one idea."

"That so?"

"Yes; whenever he starts to do anything she has the idea that he's doing it wrong."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Reason.

Positive Wife—John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any idea? Negative Husband—So as not to forget how, I suppose. It's the only chance I get.—Exchange.

Good Reason.

"You mean to say you lived in one house for three years and cultivated no pleasant acquaintances? Why?"

"I was cultivating my voice."—Exchange.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.—George Herbert.

China's Great Plain.

In the Great plain of China, where the streams have a very gentle flow, there are many stagnant pools, and at times in the summer the mosquito is a veritable plague.

The Mirage.

From the deck of the steamer Archer, off Oesel, in the Baltic, May, 1854, the whole English fleet of nineteen sail, then nearly thirty miles distant, was seen as if suspended in the air upside down.

A Great Relief.

"Gee, ain't it a great relief when you've been suffering from a toothache to summon up your courage and go to a dentist and have it over with?"

"I guess so. Did the dentist relieve you?"

"You bet! He wasn't in!"—Toledo Blade.

Too Low Down.

"Why, don't you name your mule, Uncle Jackson?"

"Ain't no name ornery 'nough to fit dis mewl, suh."—Buffalo Express.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

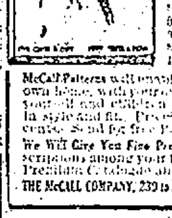
retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

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McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

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Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per month, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Treasurer.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. W. RUBIN.

Smethport, Pa., July 11, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

C. C. MELVIN, 2d.

Bradford, Pa., June 30, 1911.

Sheriff.

Editor Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce the undersigned as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

H. P. YERDON.

Kane, Pa., August 1, 1911.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

ANDREW MANGAN.

Kane, Pa., Aug. 12, 1911.

County Commissioner.

Custer City, Bradford Township, July 5, 1911:—Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for county commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 30.

L. M. SIGGINS.

Editor McKean Miner: Kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters, at the primaries to be held Saturday, Sept. 30, 1911.

A. R. ANDERSON.

Clermont, Pa., July 8th, 1911.

District Attorney.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of district attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on Sept. 30 next.

THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., July 1, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate on the Republican ticket for the nomination for the office of District Attorney of McKean County, at the primary election to be held on September 30th.

GUY B. MAYO.

Smethport, Pa., Aug. 22d, 1911.

Coroner.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

E. R. SHERMAN.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Editor Miner: Please announce that I am a candidate for Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republicans at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

A. N. HEARD.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Recorder of Deeds.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries Sept. 30th, 1911.

HOMER M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., July 24th, 1911.

Prothonotary.

Editor of the Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary of McKean County, subject to the will of the Republican voters, as expressed in the primaries to be held on the 30th day of September, 1911.

B. F. STARSKY.

Smethport, Pa., July 22, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on the 30th day of September, 1911.

J. C. CANNON, Jr.

Register of Wills and Clerk of Orphans' Court.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, Sept. 30, next.

JOHN B. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Pa., August 1, 1911.

Clerk of Courts.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Clerk of Courts for McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican party at their primaries, Sept. 30, 1911.

FRANK R. FOSTER.

Smethport, Pa., Aug. 9, 1911.

County Auditor.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Auditor of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. D. OTTO.

Keating Township, August 7, 1911.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 31, 1911.

A terrible storm swept along the Atlantic coast from South Carolina to Georgia on Tuesday. Many deaths have been reported and the damage to property is tremendous.

With the drastic rules laid down by the Keystone-Democratic bosses and the growing sentiment among Republicans to nominate none but able, capable men for office, a Republican victory this fall seems almost certain.

The trial of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., at Chesterfield, Va., for the murder of his young wife, is nearing completion. The Commonwealth, which has made a very strong case against the young man, rested its case yesterday and the defense opened the same day.

It is terrible to think of the old veterans of the Civil War, who went through the four years of the most bloody war in history, and lived to a ripe old age, to be killed and seriously injured in a railroad wreck, such as the one at Manchester, Pa., last Friday.

In the final summing up of the little controversy regarding Mr. Marsh the Port Allegany Reporter of last week says: "In an editorial in this paper last week a clause made it seem as though the writer was comparing the integrity of The Miner with the Reporter in the latter's favor. That was not the intention of the writer. The copy which has been served in this office, reads that the Reporter's acquaintance with Marsh is longer than that of The Miner. The compositor, as sometimes happens, wanted it different and succeeded in getting it so. The tiff between The Miner and Reporter is of a friendly nature and an insinuation that The Miner was untruthful was not thought of."

There is a general outcry among Democrats and others in the county against the fusion formula provided by the Keystoners. The withdrawal scheme, especially, strikes fair-minded men as a high-handed knack at political liberty. If a man is a candidate he prefers to have the outcome with the voters to settle and not to any party boss or bosses. Therefore the Keystone scheme does not strike a responsive chord even among those who are supposed to be in sympathy with the anti-Republican vendetta in McKean county. It may also be worth noting that many Republicans who on occasion have been lined up with the Keystone party, are wondering why the Republican candidates are not deemed worthy of fusion "honors." None but Democrats are to be allowed to fuse with Keystoners.—Bradford Era.

Mrs. Upton Sinclair has issued a public statement in which she tells why she left her husband and eloped with a young poet. In order to spread the Uptonian free love doctrine she publicly analyzes her motives and purposes and justifies these according to her own sense of decency. But Mrs. Sinclair is only wasting her ink. The public knows all about the subject which she endeavors to make clear. No fine spun theories can mend matters. The public knows that Mrs. Sinclair simply found a more congenial mate than the one she had married and she went with him, deserting her original partner and ignoring his claims upon her. Under the circumstances, however, no sympathy need be wasted on her husband. He is probably quite well satisfied. The Uptonian theories all favor individual and personal liberty, not only in marital affairs, but in everything, more or less. Sinclair is simply being paid back in his own coin, theoretically, at least.—Bradford Era.

Bidding the waters of the state of pollution by the exercise of the machinery of the state department of health, under the pure water act of 1905, is necessarily such a slow process that criticism is at times heard of what the critics deem the dilatoriness of the state in this direction. A survey of decrees issued during the last three weeks by the department of health, leading directly or indirectly to purification of public water supply, tends to dispel any illusions of laxity in this work. More than a score of municipalities are affected by decrees or orders of State Commissioner of Health S. G. Dixon since August 1st. They range in size from Harrisburg itself down to boroughs or towns even smaller, and include virtually every part of the state and some of the most important streams. Much of this work has been accomplished through F. Herbert Snow, chief sanitary engineer of the department of health, upon whose bureau devolves the duty of ascertaining conditions and needs at a given point. The duty of working out a system of water filteration, sewage disposal, etc., usually devolves upon the municipality affected, but when this is not feasible the state does the work itself. Municipal plans, however, must be approved by the division of sanitary engineering before anything can be done, and when the bureau has finished its duties the entire subject is reviewed by Commissioner Dixon, and the necessary decree issued.

ADDITIONAL PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, returned to their home in Bradford Friday after a short visit with relatives in town.

Mrs. John Brooke who has been a visitor for some months in Smethport has returned to Pittsburgh where she expects to make her future home.

Misses Ina and Jennie Milroy returned home Saturday from Randolph where they have been the guests of relatives and friends for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry, daughter, Helen, and Mr. and Mrs. Christian Herzog were Jamestown visitors Sunday, making the trip in the former's automobile.

Mrs. S. E. Bell, son, Donovan, Miss Zella Brasted and Herbert Martin were Bradford visitors Sunday making the trip in the former's touring car.

Mrs. B. Bennett, Miss Ella Buchanan and Miss Mable Wendell who have been guests of Mrs. F. W. Brownell, have returned to their home in Bradford.

Mrs. E. A. Hamilton, daughter, Helen, and sons, William and Clifford, who have been visiting relatives and friends at Hamburg, N. Y., for some time returned home Friday.

Charles McKean, Hon. R. W. Hilton, Dr. E. H. French, Robert Daly and J. Sheldon returned Friday from Wellsville, N. Y., where they had been in attendance at the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Orla J. Hamlin and Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. McCoy and Chauffeur Leo Digel left Sunday in the former's automobile for a trip to Chautauqua Lake, Erie, Buffalo and other points.

Miss Hazel Hopper of Hornell, N. Y., who visited at the home of her brother, W. R. Hopper, over Sunday, was called to her home on Tuesday by the illness of her sister, Alberta, with typhoid fever.

Myer Rice of Corryville has returned home from a visit to New York city. Mr. Rice says that the crops around here are much better than they are in New York and that good old Pennsylvania is good enough for him.

The following young ladies have returned to this place and resumed their positions in the public schools: Miss Margaret Curtis of New Castle, Pa.; Miss Vinnie Campbell of Eldred and the Misses Mary and Olive Richards of Kasson, Pa.

THE LEOPARD MOTH.

An insect but recently introduced into Pennsylvania is known as the Leopard moth, because of the spotted color of its large wings. As a larva or grub it bores in the trunks and branches of trees. A fruit grower in Carbon county recently sent samples of infected apple branches to State Zoologist Surface, stating that these larva had bored holes in them one foot and one-half long, and three-fourths inches in diameter, and that they were becoming very destructive in his orchard, as several branches had been broken or excavated.

As this is a pest not commonly known in Eastern United States, but liable to become destructive anywhere through this region, the reply of Dr. Surface may prove of interest and value to others. It is as follows:

"The larvae which you sent boring in the limbs of your Siberian crab apple tree are the Leopard month larvae. It is a comparatively new imported pest. It has, as you see, very great possibilities and danger. I myself have not before had opportunity to see it in the apple limbs. You were decidedly right in suspecting that they were a new variety of insect to your region, and I am much interested in your statement that several branches have been broken by being so hollowed out.

"I will thank you if you will send us a number of the infested branches, together with the insect larvae or worms in them, so that we can keep them in them, and rear them to maturity. We wish to get some of the adult or winged specimens of this pest, and the best way to do this is to keep the larvae alive in our cages until next spring, when they would transform into large spotted moths. It is from the spots on the wings that they take the name of Leopard moth.

"I am satisfied that the best way of controlling borers of any kind, where they are in twigs, or parts of trees, shrubs or plants, is to cut off the infested parts and burn them, so that it will destroy the pests and prevent their reccurrence in greater numbers the next year. Unfortunately, it is impossible to reach them by easily applied poisons of any kind."

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer, in fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

An Ideal Farm
105 Acres Level
First Class Buildings

Productive farm of 140 acres, located 2½ miles from Smethport, Pa., valley land, lays level, gravelly loam soil, 105 acres under cultivation, 15 acres in timber, balance pasture; splendid sugar bush. Watered by springs and creeks; all fenced. Nine room house in fine repair, 7 room tenant house in good repair; one barn 30x60, one barn 40x50 with silo and basement with cement floor; milk house, hen house, calf shed, hog house, corn crib and tool house. Cement walks around house. Orchard of 25 trees. Average cut of hay 2½ tons to the acre. Oil and gas right included with farm. This is one of the best valley farms in McKean county and is a splendid money maker. This farm is ½ mile from school, 2½ miles from creamery, on R. F. D. and telephone line. Price $9,000. Terms part cash, payments for balance. Will include stock, tools, and machinery at price to be agreed upon.

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OLEAN, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

VACATION TIME

Perhaps you need a Trunk or Traveling Bag. We have the Best in the world, the celebrated Liskly Rochester Baggage, and a complete assortment of matting and rattan cases. Cool shirts and underwear, also Hosiery and Neckwear—Just received a new stock. We have six weeks yet for Straw Hat wear; a good assortment to chose from.

ONE-HALF PRICE

Great Big Reductions on all our Men's, Youths, and Boys' Summer Suits. A nice lot of them on hand, and all new this season.

We are showing quite a number of styles in Fall Hats.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson Soft and Stiff Hats
$3.50 to $5.00
at
H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE



HERALDS OF AUTUMN

are here, bearing new Fall styles in fine footwear for us and for you. We want you to drop in and try on a few pairs and see how swell and perfect fitting they are on your feet. All the latest lasts, leathers and trimmings —for men, women and children. Prices right, of course

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ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
Smethport, Pennsylvania.

OLEAN'S BIG FAIR

September 4, 5, 6, 7, 1911
THE GREATEST EVER

Curtiss Aeroplane Flights Each Day
Vallecita's Trained Leopards
Clark-Razillians, Aerialists
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SPECIAL LABOR DAY CELEBRATION

Something Doing Every Minute
Excursion rates and specials trains on all roads
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A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

—Write us for Prices—

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND NEXT WEEK

LADIES' WHITE SHIRT WAISTS

The $1.00 Quality at.....79c
" 1.25 " "....98
" 1.50 " "....$1.19
" 2.00 " "....1.38
" 2.50 " "....1.48
" 3.00 " "....1.98

500 to 750 Silk, Black and Colored going at $3.98

SHOES

Boy's and Girl's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather
The $1.50 quality at 98c
1 Lot Ladie's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather
The $3.00 kind for $1.98
Ladie's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather
The $3.50 and $4 quality going at $2.25

SUIT CASES

$1.50 quality at $1.00 — $2.00 quality at $1.50
$3.00 " " $2.00 — $6.00 solid leather $4.48

LACE CURTAINS

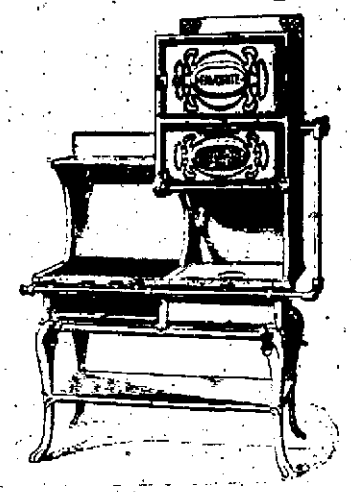
1 Lot of odd Curtains only one of a pattern at less than the cost to manufacture. 1 Lot Lace Curtains only one pair of a kind at about half price.

1 Lot Mens' white Dress shirts in sizes 14 and 14½. Sold at $1.00. Going for 49c.

Open Evenings until 8 O'Clock — THE LINDHOLM CO., — Saturday Evening until 10 O'Clock

STOVES

Do you not need a good stove?



Call and see a complete line of gas and interchamble ranges.

DALY & GARLICK

SMETHPORT - - - - PENNA.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 31, 1911.

—Mrs. Ellwood is seriously ill at her home on Main street.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Butterfield on Friday, August 25th, 1911, a girl.

—Miss Edna Comes has accepted a position in the store of Daly & Garlick.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Studholme, on Tuesday, August 29, 1911, a boy.

—M. S. Geary is having a new floor laid in the barroom of the Hotel Imperial.

—Mrs. J. B. Eastman entertained the Bridge Whist Club yesterday afternoon.

—The cement walk in front of the Union church at East Smethport has been completed.

—Melville Gillett is having some improvements made on his home on West Main street.

—The Lindblom Company is having a new cement walk and steps laid in front of its store.

—James McGuire has had a fresh coat of paint put on the front of the Grand Central Hotel.

—A new cement crosswalk is being laid on Mechanic street at the intersection of Bank street.

—H. W. Rubin has had the front of his store and the front of the McKean County Fair office re-painted.

—The Olds Rod and Gun Club has completed its camp on Robbins brook and will hold a formal opening in the near future.

—Mrs. W. L. Hammar entertained a number of friends at the home of her mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, Saturday evening.

—Miss Mildred Holder has resigned her position with Daly & Garlick's hardware store, and has accepted a position with the Redfield Publishing Co.

—Miss Annie Dudack of Newton is suffering with a severe attack of pneumonia. She was removed to the County Home last Sunday for treatment.

—The Philadelphia Inquirer intimates that the stolen painting, "Mona Lisa," now supposed to be en route to America is the latest thing in moving pictures.

—D. J. Dilley's residence at Kane was damaged by fire Saturday. The loss is covered by insurance. Mr. Dilley is well-known in Smethport and vicinity.

—The Methodist Episcopal Sunday school picnic will be held at Coryville on Saturday next. The train will leave the Shawmut station at 8:45 a. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—The following young people held a picnic at Burbank's crossing the first of the week: Maude Heath, Bessie Curran, Aletha Pickersgill, Laura Glavin, Walter Brenneman, Michael McKernon, Lynford Crone and Floyd Nichols.

—Miss Alberta, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hopper, formerly of this place, is seriously ill with typhoid fever at their home in Harnell, N. Y.

—The services next Sunday at the Methodist Episcopal church will be as follows: Morning prayer, subject, "A Fine Fighter for Christ." Evening subject, "The Kingdom of God and What It Embraces."

—Last Thursday evening Miss May Chase entertained a number of young people at her home on King street in honor of her guests, the Misses Helen Rogers and Lucile Haley and Harold Armstrong and Huston Campbell of Mt. Jewett. Hearts was the game of the evening and afterwards delicious refreshments were served.

—The dance given by the Hi Sigma Rho society at the Lyceum last Monday evening was largely attended and all enjoyed themselves hugely. The hall was grotesquely decorated and presented a novel and rather pleasing appearance. Chadwick's orchestra furnished the music and luncheon was served at Quirk's restaurant.

—A stabbing affray occurred near Crystal Springs, this county, last Saturday in which John Smith was stabbed twice in the back by George Kudlak. Detective Jones was notified and went to the scene of the near-tragedy and learned that the wounded man was not seriously hurt. At a hearing before a justice of the peace the matter was settled up.

—Word has reached this office that Miss Kathryn Blumster of Kasson has graduated from the Nurses' Training School of the Sisters' Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y., with high honors. Upon day of graduation she was retained by Dr. Meyer for a patient suffering from typhoid fever. Miss Blumster is to be congratulated upon securing this case, as Dr. Meyer is one of Buffalo's leading physicians.

—Robert Earlman Raymer of this place and Miss Alice Ophelia Gale of Coryville were united in marriage at the home of the groom's grandmother, Mrs. Walter Evans, on Willow street at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, August 29, 1911, Rev. J. W. McGavern performing the ceremony. The happy young couple have many friends in Smethport and vicinity who wish them a long and happy married life.

—The Norwich baseball team won a very interesting game from Clermont at the latter place on Sunday by a score of 3 to 2. Up to the seventh inning the score was 1 to 0 in favor of Norwich when Clermont got two runs, but in the ninth inning Norwich scored two runs on three successive hits by Guncheon, Hull and Coleman, winning the game. Park for Norwich and Perry for Clermont pitched very good games.

—The Smethport schools opened on Monday with a large attendance despite the unusually bad weather, which made it hard for those living out of town and some of the smaller children. The list of teachers is as follows: Principal, Stanley Bright; high school, Misses Carrie A. Day, Emma Tretton and Margaret Curtis; music and drawing, Miss Orra Gleason; grades, Misses Rose Allen, Sarah Greer, Mary Richards, Vinnie Campbell, Olive Richards, Amanda Anderson, Bessie Ottoson and Edna Freeman.

—No "pipe dream" about this. You my put it in your pipe and smoke it. The real goblin that will get you if you don't watch out is the great big Mail Order goblin. This goblin has got the bulk of the business in many communities. Do not let it ruin your community. It is the greatest detriment and in the end will be the means of lowering property value. If you are loyal to your home town you will patronize your home merchant, says an exchange.

—A very serious accident occurred at the heading mill located at Shinglehouse when Solomon Lambertson came near being killed on Tuesday. The man was caught in the machinery, and before it could be extricated had his skull badly fractured, one arm and all his ribs broken and was badly injured otherwise. It is not known as yet how serious his injuries may prove. He was taken to the home of his brother, Benjamin Lambertson on Honeoye street.

—Advancements have been perfected by the Postoffice Department at Washington, whereby second class mail matter, consisting of magazines and periodicals, heretofore, transported in railway mail cars, will be carried by fast freight, beginning September 1. With the idea of reducing the expense of transporting this, the greater part of second class mail, Postmaster General Hitchcock has taken advantage of an old statute permitting the Department to send it by freight.

—A correspondent to the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution says: "It is so dry where that pigeons are going around with their tongues out. Ice has to be soaked in water all night before it is wet enough to make lemonade. The catfish kick up such a dust in the bed of the river that the river has to be sprinkled before you can go fishing. A spark from an engine set fire to a pond and burned up a lot of bullfrogs before the fire could be extinguished, and the ground is so dry and hot that crawfish holes in low places are being pulled up and used for gas pipes."

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Delva Ford is visiting friends in Butler.

H. W. Rubin was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

Tom F. Williams of Butler spent Sunday in town.

Miss Myra Sherburne was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Sheridan Gorton had business in Bradford yesterday.

Vern Walker of Hazelhurst was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

Mrs. T. H. Morrison is visiting friends in Rixford this week.

Floyd Nichols and Lynford Crone were Olean visitors Tuesday.

Miss Pauline Sage of Coraopolis is the guest of Miss Marie Purtle.

A. L. Colegrove of Olean was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. L. D. Gifford and Mrs. Kate Wright were Rochester visitors this week.

Herbert S. Martin of Detroit is renewing old acquaintances in this place.

Miss Ida Engstrom of Jamestown, N. Y., is the guest of relatives in this place.

Miss Blanche Hartnett of Coleville was a guest of Smethport friends Sunday.

Miss Mae Weaver of Kane is the guest of the Misses Mildred and Iva Hutler.

Miss Ellen Lilgendahl of Ridgway is the guest of her mother, Mrs. C. Lilgendahl.

Miss Marie Purtle returned Friday from an extended visit with friends in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. O. J. Wettrick of Condersport is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Connolly.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and daughter, Helen, returned to their home in Mt. Jewett Saturday.

Miss Sarah Greer returned Saturday from an extended visit with friends in Ridgway.

Miss Linnea Lilgendahl left Saturday for Limestone, N. Y., where she will teach this term.

Mrs. Tom F. Williams and son, Crosby, of Butler are visiting her Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Churchill of Springfield, N. Y., are guests at the home of C. H. Gleason.

Miss Genevieve Crosby of New York city is the guest of her mother, Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman.

Edward Hungerford and son, Edward, of Bolivar, were guests of relatives in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Jones and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Howe at Bradford.

Miss Edna Anderson of Colegrove was the guest of Ellanorah Colegrove the forepart of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Titus and son, Bert, have returned from a visit with relatives in Port Allegany.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Schlosser were called to Olean on Monday by the serious illness of his mother.

Andrew Hanley of Olean was the guest of relatives and friends in town for a few days this week.

Editor Tom M. McClellan of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town on Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Edward Hammond and daughter, Kathleen, returned to their home in New Kensington, Pa., Monday.

Mrs. James McKean and granddaughter, Margaret Hubbard, were calling on friends in Olean Friday.

Miss Edna Freeman who has been visiting friends in Wallace, N. Y., for some time returned home Saturday.

Mrs. June Neff and daughter, Esther, have returned from a visit with relatives and friends at Clarion, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tretton and daughters, Lucila and Agatha, returned to their home in Wellsville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Colegrove returned Friday from a visit with relatives and friends at Rochester and Erie.

Miss Rose Allen returned Saturday from a visit with friends and relatives in Wilcox, Bradford and Mt. Jewett.

Mrs. Ellen McCabe and granddaughter, Marcella Thirley, were guests of Bradford relatives from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Sylvia Raymer of Wellsboro, Pa., is spending her vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymer.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. King are in Carlisle this week for the wedding of their son, Horace B. King, which occurred yesterday.

Miss Carrie A. Day returned home last Thursday from Lyndonville, N. Y., where she had been the guest of Mrs. W. A. Harris.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

One of the very best building lots on West Main street will be sold at a very reasonable price. For particulars inquire of or address

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Smethport, Pa.

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Came from Montana. Planted last October. M. E. CHRISMAN,
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THE BIGGEST NEWS IN THIS PAPER IS RIGHT HERE

$6.50 for $10.00 to $12.50 SUITS
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included in this Sale. All Suits this years fabrics and styles. Why so cheap? Because we never carry suits over from one season to another; no matter what our loss.

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OUR WINDOWS SHOW THEM.

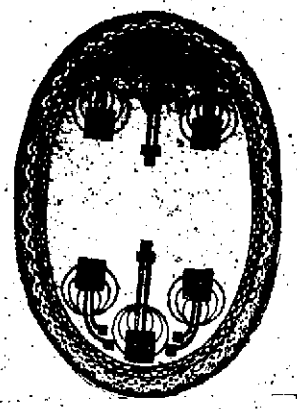
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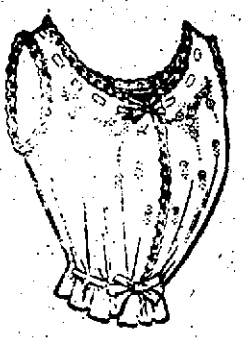
Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

Store closed at 6 P. M. except Monday and Saturday, on those days at 8 and 10 P. M. respectively.

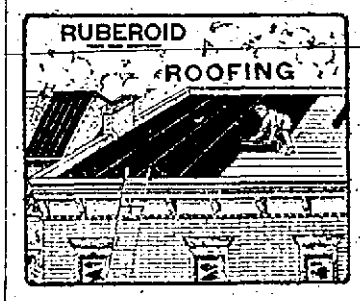
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You get Better Values Here

A Present For Emmerett

The Buyers Proved Veritable Bulls In a China Shop

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Raymond blurted his startling announcement and dodged out of the bunk house. His three comrades stared open mouthed at one another until Pepper broke the silence.

"Married!" he uttered dazedly. "Did he say that?"

Tony Goff solemnly nodded. "And he said her name is Emmerett Hodge," he said in an awed tone.

"Emmerett Hodge?" repeated Prole bitterly. "A girl with a name like that always has a tony wedding. What did Raymond say about it? I didn't sense it all, I was so flabbergasted."

"As near as I can r'collect he said there was to be a fancy time at her house and we was invited. Tony here has got to stand up with the bridegroom."

Jink Prole unjointed his long legs and stood erect, towering above the other two. "What about a weddin' present?" he demanded.

"That's easy. We'll all chip in and git Mrs. Carwood to buy it down to Penfield. Wimmen always know what to git."

Tony Goff shook his head. "Nix on that, Pepper. Why, Raymond's been our mate for three years—ever since I come to the Twin Star. I feel mighty friendly to him. I reckon all of us do, and we must pick out the present ourselves. What sa-ay?"

The others nodded assent, and as it happened that the morrow was the monthly pay day they decided to ride over to Penfield the next afternoon and select a wedding gift for Raymond's bride.

With pockets well lined and bronzed faces portentously solemn with the import of their mission, the three set forth on the twenty mile ride from the Twin Star cattle ranch to the largest town in the county.

They stopped at Red Spider for the mail, and the three wedding invitations that faced them nearly caused a stampede. Jink Prole stared unhappily at the engraved words.

"I dunno," he hesitated. "It might be this present business oughter be did by an expert. If we should make a mistake she—the lady—Emmerett—might take offense at what we got."

Tony Goff tucked his envelope away and prepared to smoke. "There ain't no use losing your nerve," he said at length. "You braced us to the job, and we got to carry it through. Mebbe we ain't got to go clear to Penfield. What you think of that lamp in Cox's winder?" He pointed a lean forefinger at the dusty, fly spotted merchandise displayed by the postmaster.

The three surveyed it longingly.

It was a tall lamp of pink glass and when freed from dust and lighted might cast an added rosy glow over the future of the newly wedded pair. Mr. Pepper strode to the door and bawled an inquiry.

He returned and flung himself on his horse. "Three ninety-eight, including the shade," he repeated contemptuously, "and us with a hundred in our pockets to spend!"

With one accord they resumed the journey to Penfield, leaving behind the dark shadowing mountains with the last glimmer of the sunset along the upper ridges. It was after dark when they pounded into the town, and, hungry and thirsty, they made their way to a restaurant and satisfied their appetites.

Afterward they entered the Farnum emporium, a maze of narrow aisles running between shelves and counters laden with glass and china in every conceivable form of fragility. The side walls of the store were lined with counters upon which were piled household wares, while the rear presented a gloomy barricade of furniture against a background of gaudy carpets.

Jink Prole sidestepped down an aisle and reached the barricade just as a pretty girl arose from a chair and laid down a piece of fancy work.

"What can I do for you?" she asked briskly.

Before the tall ranchman could answer there came a terrific crash and the sound of splintering glass blended with startled profanity.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl. "That's real cut glass!"

"'Tis considerable cut up," agreed Prole as they reached the scene of disaster, where Pepper and Tony Goff stood staring down at the havoc they had created. "How'd you manage to clean off the hull shelf?"

Mr. Pepper twisted his long mustache ruefully. "Of course it can't be because it's narrow gauge here. We squeeze ourselves as well's we could, but somehow there wan't no place for elbows. Now, miss, what's the damage?" He dug his hand deep into a pocket and brought forth his month's pay, $40.

The girl knelt upon the floor and bent her head above the fragments, piecing them together with little dismayed exclamations. At last she tossed back her misty black hair and looked up at them with slowly crimsoning cheeks.

"It's too bad!" she said regretfully, "but this is real cut glass, and it's awful expensive. There was a water bottle and six tumblers—$10 for the bottle and $2 apiece for the tumblers. That's $22. I'm awful sorry!"

Without a word Pepper and Goff each laid $11 on the shelf. The girl took it reluctantly. "I told Mr. Farnum he had the shelves too crowded to be safe," she said. "You've paid for these things. Would they do you any good if I was to mend 'em for you? You could use 'em for ornaments."

"Nary, miss; they ain't any good to us. We're looking for—what are we looking for, Prole?" demanded Goff impatiently.

"A wedding present," drawled Mr. Prole, gingerly withdrawing from the perilous vicinity of breakables. "We thought of a pink glass lamp, but it don't cost enough. Have you got a real expensive 'luminator, miss?"

The girl smiled and led the way to a shelf laden with a flower bed of colored lamps. She glanced at the price tags and then said: "This one for $12 is the most expensive one. It's very pretty."

The three surveyed the lamp doubtfully. It was a small lamp of brass, with an elaborate shade set with pink opalescent glass.

"It don't cost enough," said Prole with regret. "It's mighty pretty, miss, but we couldn't hand out no measly present like that to Emmerett. Show us something better."

The girl stifled an exclamation and took them to a case full of silverware. As they gravely examined knives and forks the girl watched them uneasily. At last, flushing deeply, she spoke: "Most any girl would think that lamp was a nice present."

They shook their heads negatively. "It's got to be something pretty, nice and tasty," said Tony Goff. "You see, her name's Emmerett, and a girl that has that handle to her is used to good living."

"We couldn't get anything poor looking," added Pepper, and Jink Prole nodded assent.

"It's a nice lamp," persisted the girl.

"We might git four or five lamps—enough for the bull house. Let's look at them again." Jink Prole turned suddenly to lead the way back to the lamps; his sharp elbow dug into Tony Goff's ribs, and that stout gentleman leaped backward to fall heavily against one of the china laden tables.

When the clattering crash had died into silence Mr. Goff picked himself out of a debris of broken dinner sets to confront an irate little man who danced wildly before them and demanded instant reimbursement for his losses.

It required the united efforts of Tony Goff's companions to convince the angry proprietor that the offense was not intentional.

"You can't fool me!" he sputtered, loudly. "I had a place shot up oncet in Dead Eye and they didn't leave so much as a glass salt cellar—wiped out my hull stock of china and glassware and"—

"Drop it, confound ye!" growled Jink Prole. "Jest you compose your little bunch of cinnamon sidewhiskers and git down and count up your loss. I reckon we can pay for what we break. We're a-shoppin' for cut glass and cut china, and we've paid for $22 worth already."

The three ranchmen stood, rigidly in their tracks while Mr. Farnum and the black haired girl took inventory of the shattered crockery. Many of the pieces of various dinner sets were whole and there were several vases that were cracked or only slightly broken. These Mr. Farnum announced would be a total loss to him and the ranchmen might as well carry them away.

Six dinner sets and four vases and a glass water pitcher had gone down to destruction, and Mr. Farnum dolefully announced that $90 would barely cover the wholesale price.

In silence the $90 was handed over, while the girl stood near with downcast face.

"All these pieces that ain't broke belong to you gentlemen," remarked Mr. Farnum magnanimously. "Of course they ain't no use to me because none of 'em match anything else I've in stock. There's cups and saucers and plates and"—

"I guess we'll be going along," interrupted Prole slowly as he thrust his share of the remaining $8 back in his pocket. "We've spent about all the money we reckoned on in this here place. There's a mighty pretty little pink lamp up in Red Spider for three ninety-eight what will have to do for Emmerett."

The girl flashed a glance at the retreating form of her employer and then laid a hand on Jink Prole's sleeve. She was laughing, but the tears were in her eyes.

"Don't you dare buy that pink lamp," she whispered. "You set out to git the nicest present you knew how for that girl, and it isn't your fault that you've lost your money. You take all the dishes, and I'll mend the glass water set and you give 'em to her for the wedding present, and I reckon she'll be proud to think what was in your hearts, and that's what matters anyway!" She paused breathlessly, her eyes like stars, her cheeks pink with excitement.

"How d'you know she would rather have this truck?" Jink Prole swept a long arm over the broken china and eyed her doubtfully.

"Because I'm Emmerett!" she said triumphantly.

The three stared down at her in delighted amazement. Then three hands shot out to grasp hers, and Jink Prole spoke again. "We might a-known Raymond's girl would be like this," he said.

"We was afraid of your long name," grinned Pepper sheepishly.

"We kin shorten it and call her Miss Raymond," put in Tony Goff insinuatingly.

Miss Hodge uplifted a slim brown finger, and her cheeks dimpled under their friendly admiration.

"Don't you dare call me anything but Emmerett!" she said severely.

ROSES AND THORNS.

An Old Eastern Legend and Its Application to Human Life.

This world we're living in
Is mighty hard to beat.
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?

There is an eastern legend that when the beneficent Creator prepared the earth for man, causing it to bring forth herbs and trees pleasant to the eye and good for food, each bearing its seed within itself for propagating its kind, the roses had no thorns and the lilies, violets and other blossoming plants were free from thistles, brambles and noxious weeds.

But the sons and daughters of men in their greedy eagerness to gather the flowers, each one selfishly striving to secure a larger share than his fellow, seemed likely to despoil the earth of its beauty and leave not even enough blossoms to perfect their seed and perpetuate their species. So the kindly All Father provided the roses with thorns for self protection and sent a host of defenders of the more tender blossoms by causing thistles and briers to spring up around them like wardens of a castle or the bodyguard of a queen. And this is the reason for the thorns and briers—nature's protection against human greed.

The legend has a wider application. The roses typify the pleasures of life and the thorns its pains. A life of ease and pleasure was not only useless, but satiating. It would demoralize him who indulged in it. Satiety despoils the rose of its beauty and the violet of its fragrance; hence kind nature makes true pleasure the reward of virtuous effort and punishes over indulgence with penalizing suffering, to the end that greed may be restrained and self control developed with its attendant virtues of temperance, kindliness, industry and thrift.—John B. Stoll in South Bend Times.

FOES TO SUCCESS.

Don't Be a Victim of Timidity, Shyness or Self Consciousness.

Timidity, shyness and self consciousness belong to the same family. We usually find all where we find any one, and they are all enemies of peace of mind, happiness and achievement. No one has ever done a great thing while his mind was centered upon himself. We must lose ourselves before we can find ourselves. Self analysis is valuable only to learn our strength; it is fatal if it makes us dwell upon our weaknesses.

Timid, shy people are morbidly self conscious. They think too much about themselves. Their thoughts are turned inward; they are always analyzing, dissecting themselves, wondering how they appear and what people think of them. If these people could only forget themselves and think of others they would be surprised to see what freedom, ease and grace they would gain, what success in life they would achieve.

Thousands of young people are held back from undertaking what they long to do and are kept from trying to make real their great life dreams because they are afraid to jostle with the world. They shrink from exposing their sore spots and sensitive points which smart from the lightest touch. Their supersensitiveness makes cowards of them.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

A Congregation of One.

In his younger days the Rev. Sir Cameron Lees, D. D., was a highland missioner in a scattered territory and passing rich on £40 a year. On one occasion on the Sabbath day the windows of heaven opened and there was a deluge on a small scale. The young minister of course was at his post, but only one member of the congregation had the courage to turn up, an old farmer. Cameron Lees suggested that in view of the terrible weather they should adjourn to his study and hold their devotions there.

"No, no," said the old highlander. "It is written, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I also.' You are one and I'm one, so there's the two, and we'll have the service as usual." And there was a service for a congregation of one.—London Globe.

Worrying Happiness.

The bishop of Manchester, speaking at a meeting at Church House, Westminster, said the secret of happiness was to have a sufficient multitude of worries.

The man who had only one worry, a blind that would not be pulled up straight by the servant or a coal scuttle the bottom of which was always coming out, found his way to the lunatic asylum, but the man who had no time to dwell upon his worries because he had to go from one to another and back again and round and round like a squirrel in a cage could be a perfectly happy man.—London Mail.

Elastic.

"An' one other thing I want you to remember when you build the house is to put one of the finest elastic steps on it that money can build."

"An elastic step, madam?"

"Yes; I was readin' how Miss Blublud had a fine elastic step, an' I want one just like it or better."—Houston Post.

Becoming.

"Isn't my new dress becoming to me?" asked the delighted wife.

"Yes," replied the head of the establishment, "and I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming to me."

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

Chautauqua Seems to Have a Wide Variety of Meanings.

United States geological survey records present the annotes on geographical names and their origin and meaning:

Brooklyn: part of New York city; a corruption of the Dutch name Breuckelen; from a village in the province of Utrecht, Holland. The name signifies "broken up land" or "marshy land."

Burleson: county and village in Johnson county, Tex., named for Edward Burleson, Indian fighter, and vice president of the republic of Texas under President Houston, 1841.

Chautauqua: county in Kansas; county, lake and town in same county in New York. An Indian word which has been the subject of much controversy. Webster says it is a corruption of a word which means "foggy place." Another derivation gives the meaning as "bag tied in the middle," referring to the shape of the lake. It is also said to mean "place where a child was washed away." Dr. Peter Wilson, an educated Seneca, says it is literally "where the fish was taken out." Other meanings given are "place of easy death" and "place where one was lost."

Chicago: city and river in Illinois. The Ojibwa Indian form, she-kag-ong, signifies "wild onion place," from a root form implying a "bad smell."

HOLLAND'S RAILROADS.

They Are Operated at a Loss to Aid the Canal Traffic.

In contrast with the history of Belgium, Germany, France and Austria, Holland alone of all European countries presents a situation where the railroads require protection from the competition of the canals.

Holland thus reverses the general rules which apply in all other countries. Railroad development was remarkably slow in Holland. The first Dutch railroads were short local lines, while the waterway system was extensive and strongly intrenched.

At length, convinced that she could not keep pace with other European countries by her waterway system alone, the Dutch government constructed an ambitious line of railroads connecting with the international lines of Europe.

The railroads were built not with any expectation that they would be profitable as investments, but because they were considered absolutely necessary to save the country from industrial decadence. Holland is the only country in the world in which the state has provided both rail and water highways substantially free of capital charge. The railroads are now operated at a loss to supplement the waterways, which carry 75 per cent of the traffic of Holland.—American Review of Reviews.

London's Crystal Palace.

The Crystal palace was a great producer of superlatives in its early days says the London Chronicle. When Queen Victoria wrote of May day, 1851, as "the greatest day in our history, the most beautiful and imposing and touching spectacle ever seen," she was referring to the whole idea and effect of the exhibition, but "the beauty of the building and the vastness of it all" were important factors in the marvel which she relied upon to astound her uncle Leopold. When the palace moved to the new site Herbert Spencer wrote: "I have been once at Sydenham. It surpasses even my expectations, though I had seen it in progress. It is a fairyland and a wonder surpassing all others." Ruskin said that Mr. Dickens has said that there was nothing like it in fairyland and added bitterly that Mr. Dickens was right.

What America Has Proved.

America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—that portion which in Europe is called the laboring or lower class—to raise them to self respect, to make them competent to act a part in the great right and great duty of self government, and she has proved that this may be done by education and the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example a thousand times more encouraging than ever was presented before to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.—Daniel Webster.

Modern Improvements.

Patient – Doctor, I'm having an awful lot of trouble with the gas in my stomach. Doctor – Yes, yes; I know. Those old fashioned fixtures are giving people a lot of unnecessary trouble these days. Just step into the next room, and I'll have my engineer wire you for electric lights.—Puck.

Worldly Wisdom.

"Now that my engagement to Edgar is broken off I wonder if he will ask me to return the jewels that he gave me."

"If he doesn't ask for them I'd send them back at once, for in that case they're not genuine!"—Fliegende Blatter.

A Dear Place.

Batchman—Who was it said "Home is the dearest place on earth?" Phamlee—Some married man who had just received his coal and grocery bills, no doubt.—Boston Transcript.

Difference of Opinion.

It were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse races possible.—Mark Twain.

Forecasting the Weather.

Of all the scientific departments the weather bureau was started with the least amount of knowledge of its particular subject. Independent observers had gathered a small amount of disassociated facts and based conclusion as it suited them upon the facts. But meteorology was a very indefinite thing, strongly fibered with bad guesses, myths, traditions and theories. It was like the German grammar of which Mark Twain complained. For every page of rules there were forty pages of exceptions. When the weather bureau was started it was with little worth while. It had to map out a campaign of study, and there was no way of telling how long it might be before the study would permit of the laying down of rules. Every one knows that the bureau is far more efficient than it was. It is getting the hang of the weather, learning its multitudinous tricks, its coyness and treachery. It is in the nature of the case a slow affair.—Toledo Blade.

Not to Be Deceived.

"John," she asked after she had finished packing her trunk, "will you remember to water the flowers in the porch boxes every day?"

"Yes, dear. I'll see that they are properly moistened regularly."

"And the rubber plant in the dining room. You know it will have to be sprayed about three times a week."

"I'll remember it."

"I'm afraid you'll forget the canary and let the poor little thing starve."

"Don't worry about the bird, dear. I'll take good care of him."

"But I feel sure you'll forget about keeping the curtains drawn so that things won't all be faded out when I get back."

"Don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness about the curtains. I'll keep the house as dark as a tunnel."

"John, I'm not going. You have some reason for being anxious to get rid of me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Druids.

The Druids were evidently of very great antiquity, for there cannot be much doubt that it was one of their customs that Virgil had in mind when he wrote in the "Aeneid," vi, 142, that the "only means of access for a living mortal to the world of spirits was the carrying of a golden twig which grew in a dark and thick grove." The resemblance of the story to the Druidical rite is perfect. The Druids practiced their rites in dark groves. If a mistletoe was discovered growing upon an oak a priest severed it with a knife, and a festival was held under the tree at which two milk white bulls were offered as a sacrifice. This was a sacrifice to the sun god, and the mistletoe, from its pale greenish yellow tint, was regarded as a kind of vegetable gold and was accordingly looked upon as being a fit offering to the sun.—New York American.

Catching Speed.

Two wild-eyed horses, wearing flap [illegible] harness and drawing a battered delivery wagon, stopped at the stable door.

"Just had a runaway?" queried the driver.

"Then, for heaven's sake, don't put those horses in with the other horses that will soon go out on a trip," said the head hostler. "If you do they'll run away, too. They always do. Before I learned as much about horses as I know now I broke up a dozen runaways by doing that fool trick. The horses that have just been on a spree are still worked up to fever pitch, the rest of the horses catch the spirit of the devil from them, and as soon as they get out they take a header."—New York Times.

Deep Mourning.

The manager of the theater racked his brain in vain.

"We must do something," he repeated bitterly. "People will expect us to do something to show respect to the proprietor now that he is dead."

"Shall we close for the night of the funeral?" suggested the assistant stage manager.

"With this business? You're a fool, laddie, a fool. No; put the chorus in black stockings."

And it was even so.—Sporting Times.

A Virginia Dish.

In a baking dish place alternate layers of sliced apples and sliced boiled sweet potatoes, each layer sweetened and flavored with nutmeg. Add a lump of butter, pour over a little water and bake slowly until the top is nicely browned. Serve in dish in which it is baked.—National Magazine.

Friendly Candor.

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Well, he seems to think he is. He never meets me without feeling that it is his duty to tell me something that will leave me unhappy for the rest of the day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Loyal.

"I have no patience with Dubbins. He sneers at Velasquez."

"Well, I don't care much for foreigners myself, but if Velasquez is a friend of yours I don't blame you for getting sore."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Too Willing.

Tramp—Mister, would you give me a nickel for a meal? Pedestrian—For a glass of beer, more likely. Tramp—Wotever you says, boss; you're payin' for it.—Exchange.

Mislaid.

"I mislaid $50 last night."

"Hard lines! Can't you think where you put it?"

"Yes. I put it on the wrong card."—[illegible] Blade.

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A Telegraph Joke

And How It Turned Out

By SCOTT KRAEMER

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[illegible] tunity for [illegible] a telegraph [illegible] is a fascination in operating from behind a shield rendering one invisible. A girl will delight to say things to a man who can't see her and doesn't know who she is. I was a telegraph operator when a young man, and I noticed this disposition in many a girl operator with whom I talked over the wire. I am a matter of fact sort of a fellow myself and doubt if it would ever have occurred to me to bamboozle a girl in this fashion had not the girl shown a disposition to bamboozle me.

She who first tried it was an operator at a station about twenty miles away from me. I was in the town of M., while the girl was out at G., a way station some twenty miles distant in the country. She had more time on her hands than I, and I suppose this is what set her on to quizzing me. She started in one night about 9 o'clock after having taken a message from me [illegible] by asking me what was going on in town, how I liked M. [illegible] on the [illegible] being [illegible] to live in a little way station [illegible] talking [illegible] as persons of opposite sex [illegible] invariably do, finally drifted on to love and marriage. From love and marriage [illegible] we drifted into [illegible] at last [illegible] down to our lives.

The girl led me on [illegible] she held out herself till I admitted that marriage being a lottery, I would about as lief marry a girl I had no knowledge [illegible] one I had [illegible] loved. All I required was to [illegible] that the girl I was to marry possessed [illegible] amount of good [illegible]. One thing led to another till it was arranged that she should mail me her photograph and I should send her mine [illegible] that if we were mutually pleased we might proceed further toward [illegible] a view to matrimony.

The next day I looked over my stock of photographs [illegible] but my friends and [illegible] Sam Atkins the best looking [illegible] in the lot, I sent it to the girl. Sam was off at the Spanish war [illegible] at the time [illegible] I might not get into [illegible] received a picture of a [illegible] girl who [illegible] was [illegible] one to get [illegible] as we [illegible] lips was [illegible] eyes [illegible].

After that the wires [illegible] warm [illegible] they carried [illegible] white heat with love messages. When we had [illegible] we began to talk about meeting. At my proposal to go to see her she voted down a bit [illegible] that her [illegible] behind a mislaid [illegible] several [illegible] to go to see her on a certain day [illegible] but for every time I set she gave some reason why it would be inconvenient or impossible for her to receive me. At last it occurred to me to go up and look her over without an appointment. Never having seen me, she wouldn't know me.

So one day having secured a leave I started to see my charmer. On arrival I walked up into the village and on the street met my girl, whom I recognized at once by her photograph. I followed her into several shops and finally to a yellow house that stood back from the street. She went into the house and having waited half an hour [illegible] her to come out I concluded she lived there.

I knew a man in the place, Tom Foster, and hunting him up, told him that there was a girl in the town I wished to know. He said there was going to be a dance that evening and all the girls in the place would be there. He would take me with him and if he knew the girl I wished to meet he would introduce me. I thought that an excellent plan, since it would give me the advantage of keeping my affairs to myself. I could obtain an introduction to different girls without my introducer knowing the one I was especially interested in.

That evening I went with Foster to the hall where the dance was to take place. He asked about the girl I wished to know and why I wished to know her, and all that, but I evaded his questions. I didn't propose to let the girl herself know that I was the fellow she had been making love to over the wire—at least till I had learned all about her.

She was there sure enough, looking as pretty as a picture—a brunette with a profusion of jet black hair, a stately figure and as mischievous an eye as ever I saw in a woman. When I first saw her she was talking with another girl about her own age, and that I might not give myself away to Foster I asked him to introduce me to the other girl.

She proved to be Miss Ellen Ormsby, a staid young woman whom I found rather hard to talk to. I asked her who was the girl she was with when I was introduced to her, and she said she was Agnes Miller and, taking the hint, offered to introduce me. I accepted and was introduced.

I don't think I ever chuckled so in my life as when I found myself incognito chatting with the girl whom I had been saying soft things to over the wire. I made up my mind to stave off the denouement as long as possible. Not for the world would I give her any clew to my identity by the slightest reference to what had passed between us. And as to letting her know even that I was a telegraph operator, nothing would tempt me to risk giving away the whole thing by doing so.

I [illegible] several [illegible] with Agnes Miller and once with her friend Ellen Ormsby. I concluded to go slow with Miss Miller, but I got in a number of compliments and several looks indicating my admiration for her. When I left her to catch my train, which I did before the dance had ended, I pressed her hand and received a slight pressure in return.

Very soon after this I received a shock at the return of Sam Atkins. The Spanish war was over and Sam had come home in excellent health and handsome as ever. What disconcerted me was that in some way—I having sent my girl his photograph—he might spoil my fun. But on second thought it occurred to me that there was no likelihood of this since she was so far from both of us.

On my return from G. I resumed my telegraphic chat with her, enjoying it far more than before from having made her acquaintance. It was very amusing to talk with her, having seen her, while I was still unknown to her except through Sam Atkins' photograph. She continued to complain of the dullness of G., so I concluded to ask her to come to town and go with me to the theater. This would let her into the secret of my having sent her another man's photograph, but I must let that out some time, and there was no especial reason for delay.

She accepted the invitation with alacrity and appointed a night. I procured a couple of seats and wrote her that I would meet her at the station and take her from there to the theater. She would know me by a bit of orange ribbon worn in my buttonhole. To keep up the fraud till her arrival I asked her to carry a few violets in her left hand.

When Miss Miller alighted from the train and saw me, whom she had met before, with the orange ribbon in my buttonhole she stood still for a moment, then sharply remarking that we had met before and I had deceived her about the photograph. We left the station, and since it was a quarter of an hour [illegible] must elapse before the [illegible] we walked to a park [illegible] and sat down on one of the benches. She then reproved me roundly for sending her the wrong photograph, but said she didn't mind it since she had made my acquaintance at G.

When we entered the theater and took our seats but few people had arrived. We enjoyed ourselves chatting about our telegraphic correspondence [illegible] watching the audience [illegible] in. Suddenly my heart stood still.

Who should enter and take the two seats in the next row in front of us but Sam Atkins and Miss Miller's friend whom I had met at G.—Ellen Ormsby.

The expression on their faces was to say the least peculiar. Smiles were struggling to assert themselves while the three were endeavoring to suppress them. I cast a hasty glance at my companion and saw her eyes fairly dance with mingled delight, mischief and triumph.

I knew at once that the game I had been playing had not only been discovered, but had been turned against me.

"Sam, you rascal!" I exclaimed. "You're a traitor to your own sex!"

My remark occasioned a burst of laughter from the whole party except myself.

"Come," I said, "explain the matter."

At this moment the orchestra struck up the overture, and in ten minutes more the curtain rose. My tormentors forced me to wait till the end of the first act before giving me an explanation, then my companion said:

"Nellie Ormsby is a telegraph operator at the G. station and has been your correspondent. She sent you my photograph with my consent instead of her own, and having no more confidence in you in such a matter than herself, did not believe the likeness you sent her was your own. She went to M., taking the photograph with her, and a mutual friend of hers and Mr. Atkins there told her that it was his picture. Before leaving town she saw you at work at your instrument and knew that you were her correspondent. Then Mr. Atkins returned from the war. She went again to M., made his acquaintance and told him the secret.

"Meanwhile you had gone to G., and the moment you entered the ballroom Nellie recognized you. She saw your attention fixed on me and introduced you. Your enjoyment in the part you were playing gave us double what was evident in you. When your invitation came we decided to spring the joke on you here at the theater. We wrote Mr. Atkins to find out, if possible, where our seats were and get two more near them. This he learned through you.

"So you see that when a man sets himself up to outwit a girl he must sharpen his own wits on a whetstone."

It was all plain enough now. I acknowledged myself beaten and after the play invited the party to the best supper that could be obtained.

There is a sequel to this story, but not to be given here. The gist of it is that I paired off with Miss Miller and Sam with Miss Ormsby.

My Friend The Colonel

Being a Story of a Return For a Trifling Favor

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Soon after the civil war, while at work—I am instructor in the chemical [illegible] shabby [illegible] middle aged man approached me and asked if I were Professor Pingree.

"No," I replied, "I am simply Mr. Pingree. I am not a professor. I am a tutor in analytical chemistry."

"You are the man I am looking fo', suh. It is the practical, not the theoretical, that I want. I, too, am simply 'mistah,' having come down from colonel. I commanded a regiment in the late unpleasantness between the south and the no'th, suh. From having a thousand men under my command I am reduced to selling a compound fo' extracting grease from clothing."

There was that in the serio comic of the man which excited my sympathy. I invited him into a room set apart for my personal use, asked him to be seated and waited for him to speak further.

"When I was at —— university, suh," he began, "I took a co'se in practical chemistry. That is a long while ago, suh, but I remember enough about the co'se to know that what I need is only to be gained, suh, from such a pe'son as yo'self. As I have said, suh, poverty compels me to descend from the command of a thousand men [illegible] the ownership of as many negroes to making the object of my [illegible] removing grease spots. The results of the victory achieved [illegible] the south by the [illegible] perfectly [illegible] his road [illegible] obliterating [illegible] things.

"I am [illegible] of [illegible] and my [illegible] was then [illegible] I must keep [illegible] girl out [illegible] would not hurt his feelings for a firm.

"[illegible] rupted [illegible] six children. I work [illegible] and have no leisure for [illegible]. What can I do for you?"

"I will come to the point immediately, suh. My old [illegible]—"

"Is your old [illegible] the object of your visit?"

"Yes, suh. My old [illegible] grease [illegible] which were injured [illegible] work [illegible]. I have taken her receipt and am making the compound and selling it. I would be greatly obliged to you if you will analyze it and see if you can [illegible] it."

He evidently [illegible] nothing [illegible] the wo'ld [illegible] required [illegible] about the fallen [illegible] his bearing was [illegible] calling [illegible] I took a sample of his [illegible] I told him that if I would [illegible] in a day I would give him [illegible]. He [illegible] promptly and [illegible] was a [illegible] excellent one, but there was a [illegible] drawback [illegible]. It removed the grease [illegible] but also removed that part of the cloth [illegible] to which it was applied.

The expression of disappointment in his face was touching. Fortunately I was able to brush it away. I told him there was an acid in his compound that was too powerful. I could recommend another which would remove the grease, leaving the cloth intact.

"But, suh," he replied, his face lighting up, "unfortunately I have no money to buy yo' secret."

"Secret be hanged! There is no secret about it." And, writing the name of the agent I referred to on a slip of paper, I handed it to him.

"And now, suh," he said, folding the paper, "I wish to place this indebtedness to you on my part in such shape that it may be liquidated in installments. What is the amount of yo' charge, suh, fo' this professional work and the suggestion written on this paper?"

"Colonel," I replied, taking him by the hand, "we northern people are not all so devoid of humanity as you southerners think. You are quite welcome to the trifling assistance I have given you, and if it helps one southerner out of the slough into which this political bouleversement has thrown so many of you it will make me very happy."

We stood for a few moments, hand in hand, looking into each other's eyes. There was that in the colonel's I shall never forget. It seemed to me that I had found a brother.

"Professor," he replied in a voice on the verge of trembling, "should I accept this favo' without giving you the benefit of any success that may accrue from it I would be untrue to the traditions of my ancestors. You are from this moment my partner. I would scorn to involve you in any exposure that may be necessary in manufacturing or marketing the compound, but I assu'e yo', suh, on the wo'd and honah of a southe'n gentleman that I shall account fo' every picayune gained and credit yo' with one-half the profit."

This was pathetic indeed.

"Colonel," I replied, "don't you think that a small loan might enable you to purchase the necessary articles that are to go into your compound?"

"To accept anything mo' till I have paid fo' what I have received would crush me to the earth. No, suh, no mo'. It is now my pa't to transmit to you, not you to me."

With a warm pressure of the hand he went to the door, where he turned and made me a formal bow.

How the colonel secured the little capital necessary to begin operations I did not know, but within a month he sent me a sample bottle of his "grease remover," neatly done up, with it a note saying that he would accept one more favor. If my conscience and my honor would admit of my signing a statement for publication that I had analyzed the "remover" and recommended it he thought that it would make a great difference in the facility with which it could be introduced. I wrote the required statement and recommended his remover in as strong language as I could command.

Not long after this I received an offer of a professorship on a small salary in a college in South America, and during the next seven years made several changes, returning to the United States at the end of this term as poor as when I went away. I had not even a tutorship to rely on.

One morning, taking up a newspaper, I glanced at the personal column. I was surprised to see an advertisement intended for me. If I would send my address to a certain street and number I would oblige some person for whose name the letters X Y Z were placed. Who was desiring to find me and for what purpose I could not conceive. I at once mailed my address as requested and waited in anxious expectation.

The next afternoon a carriage was driven up to my house by a coachman in livery, and a handsomely dressed man got out and came to my door. I was looking out of the window at him, and it seemed that I had seen him or some one like him before. Having neither the luxury of a servant nor anything to do, I went to the door myself. As soon as I opened it the gentleman said:

"Ah, Professor Pingree! How do yo' do, suh?"

Where had I heard that voice, that accent?

"Come in, sir," I said.

"I doubt, suh, if you remember me," he said, with a look of disappointment.

"I do, and yet I don't. I can't place you. You are—"

"Yo' partner, suh."

"P[illegible]"

"Yes, suh. Yo' partner in business."

"What business?"

"The manufacture of the Achme grease remover. Some seven years ago, you may remember, we formed a partnership fo' that purpose, you furnishing the [illegible] and yo' professional recommendation. The business has prospered, and I have been hunting yo' for a long while in order to render yo' an account. Fortunately I have at last found yo' by means of a personal advertisement. Advertising is a great thing, suh. Next to yo' receipt and professional recommendation I have found it my chief element of success. Here, suh, is a balance sheet I have had taken off the books of the Achme Grease Remover company." He handed me a paper. "The capital stock is $[illegible], consisting of 10,000 shares, [illegible] of which are in yo' name."

I wondered if I had not been operated on [illegible] and was recovering from the effects of an anesthetic. I took the paper, but I did not even glance at it. I looked at the man before me, expecting to see him go up in a cloud of blue smoke.

"The stock is not on the market, suh, but I have been offered 300 fo' mine."

Then for the first time it flashed upon me that this man was the shabby genteel Confederate colonel who had called upon me years before. In one sense he had passed out of my mind, in another he had not. I had taken a great fancy to him, and he had interested me as a study of a man reduced from an importance sustained by wealth to the pathos of poverty. But never for a moment had I remembered him as anything but a fine specimen of the shabby genteel.

"Would you mind explaining what all this means?" I asked, endeavoring to throw off a dazed condition.

"It means, suh, that with yo' valuable assistance I entered upon the manufacture and personal sale of the grease remover. I never solicited any one who refused me."

"Quite likely," I interrupted.

"I soon accumulated sufficient capital to enable me to manufacture in large quantities and what I found to be equally essential, to advertise. In two or three years I built extensive wo'ks and from that time fo'wa'd money has been pou'ing in on me. At that time, suh, I called upon you at yo' labo'ato'y and was disappointed to find that you had left. I obtained yo' address in South America and wrote you there. After going to other places my letter came back to me with many postoffice marks on the envelope. I have been inserting personal advertisements fo' yo' fo' years. I am much relieved at finding yo', fo' I began to fear that my honah would be impeached by not rendering yo' an account of my stewardship."

The colonel paused. I stood mute for awhile, then asked:

"And do you mean to say that for the trifling service I did you I am now the possessor of 5,000 shares of stock worth $1,500,000?"

"That is yo' share in the property, suh."

"Well, colonel, all I have to say is that this is the most remarkable episode I have ever read or heard of. This is an air castle and will soon be tumbling about my ears."

"If yo' will drive with me, suh, to ou' wo'ks I will convince you to the contrary."

I accepted the invitation, and he proved to me that I was a millionaire.

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Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Commissioners Clerk—A. E. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford, W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
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District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

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Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
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LODGE DIRECTORY

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8.15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8.00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH TURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
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Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10 30 a. m. and 7 30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2 30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10 30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at [illegible] and 7 30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 30.

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Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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SMETHPORT, - - PA.

HOTELS

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop
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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated, its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRL, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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FARMERS VALLEY NEWS.

Rev. S. Parrett, accompanied by his father and mother, left Monday morning, Aug. 21st, for the Bradford hospital where he underwent a successful operation for appendicitis. His father and mother returned Saturday, greatly encouraged.

The Sunday schools of the U. B. church of East Smethport, Coryville and Farmers Valley held their annual picnic at the latter place, Aug. 18th. Altogether there were about two hundred in attendance. They were nicely congregated in the grove when at noon a severe storm, with much wind, falling trees, caused them to repair to the hall where the tables were spread and an abundance of good things were served. After dinner a ball game was played between East Smethport and Farmers Valley near the grove. In spite of the morning storm the sun had dried up the damp earth and a good time was enjoyed by all present.

A play was given in the evening by the young people of the Grange for the benefit of the order. It was well attended, over $14 being realized.

Mrs. Ida How Gale of Dear Creek attended the prayer meeting at McCullough Sunday evening. She has a musical composition, words of her own composition, entitled "There's a Hand Outstretched to Save," which promises to become popular. Those who have not a copy should get one.

The threshers were around the fore part of last week, but had to abandon their work till more settled weather. Many of the farmers after having their grain threshed found that their wheat was not properly filled and a small yield in comparison to the acreage sown was the result.

Mr and Mrs. Charles Bush of Smethport were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Caldwell Thursday.

A. R. Cory, candidate for county commissioner on the Democratic ticket, and his wife visited friends here Sunday.

A TWO-CENT LAW CASE.

Spencer Rice Arrested Because He Failed to Pay Two Cents to Shawmut R. R.

One of the most unique cases ever tried in this section was heard last Thursday before Justice Gleason, when Spencer Rice of Coryville was tried on a charge of beating the Pittsburgh, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company out of two cents, a portion of a fare between Farmers Valley and Coryville.

The facts of the case are that Rice got on to the train at Farmers Valley to ride to Coryville. He handed the conductor ten cents for his fare, which the conductor took and demanded two cents more, the fare being twelve cents between these two points. Rice claimed that the regular fare was only nine cents and before the argument was finished they reached Coryville and Rice got off, thinking he had been beaten out of a cent, and the conductor reported the shortage to headquarters.

It seems that under the railroad laws the railroad company would be guilty of rebating if this matter was allowed to stand as it was and that the only safe recourse was for them to cause the arrest of Rice and have the matter settled in court.

Mr. Rice was brought before Justice Gleason and after the facts were made known he was fined $1 and costs and thus ended a very important case of law.

GAS EXPLOSION.

Home Wrecked and the Wreckage Caught Fire and Was Burned.

An explosion of natural gas in the cellar of the home of P. M. Johnson at the head of Boyd street, in Mt. Jewett, wrecked the structure at 2 o'clock Saturday morning and the wreckage caught fire and was burned.

Mrs. P. M. Johnson was severely, but it is thought not fatally, burned.

The building adjoining and occupied by a bakery conducted by Mrs. Anderson was damaged by the explosion and fire. The windows of the Presbyterian church nearby were broken out and twice the church was on fire.

Ed Colquist, who was asleep in his home across the street, was severely cut by broken glass when the windows in his home were broken by the explosion.

Prompt work by the Mt. Jewett firemen saved the adjoining property.

The Johnson building was two stories and had besides the living apartments of the Johnsons, two store rooms which were vacant. The building, after the explosion, and before the flames had accomplished their work, was found to have been a total wreck, one side being entirely blown off.

It is thought that the explosion was due to an accumulation of gas in the cellar of the Johnson building.

SHOULD GROUND BE DYNAMITED IN ORCHARD PLANTING?

A business man in Central Pennsylvania, who contemplates planting an [illegible] to State Zoologist Sur- face asking if it was best to use dynamite in preparing the places for planting.

The reply gives practical information on this subject which has been recently brought before the public.

"Whether or not it will be best to blast with dynamite, where you wish to plant your pear and peach trees, depends much upon the condition of the soil and the rock there. If there is loose friable rock and subsoil, and a good rich soil, it may not be very advantageous. If, however, it is a hard pan, and beneath this a shale that does not hold water well, it may be advisable to pulverize it with dynamite. This, I think, would be more desirable for the pear and apple than for any other fruits. I have my doubts if it would be necessary for the peach trees unless they are growing where the soil is very shallow and the rocks are quite near the surface. In this case, breaking up with dynamite would help to make a root bed that would hold moisture and furnish plant food.

"There are conditions in which planting by blasting with dynamite are quite desirable. This does not mean that holes are blown out of the ground, but merely that the subsoil and rock beneath this are broken up in such a way that the roots are easily able to penetrate more readily to find water and plant food."



Globe Comedy Four. At The McKean County Fair.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending August 26, 1911:

Anderson, Mrs. Olive.

Kenball, Mr. E.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All uncalled letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

"Looming."

On July 26, 1798, the whole coast of France, from Calais to Dieppe, was distinctly visible for three hours to the people at Hastings, a distance of fifty miles. This particular form of mirage is known as "looming."

Waterproof Paper.

Light, but strong, waterproof paper that successfully imitates leather and rubber is made in Japan from vegetable fibers.

Fire Engines.

Fire engines were invented in 250 B. C.

The Curfew.

The curfew bell was introduced in England in 1068. When it rang at 8 o'clock in the evening all fires and candles had to be extinguished or a severe penalty resulted.

Luminous Sugar.

Lumps of cane sugar when rubbed together in the dark produce a luminous glow, while with beet sugar no such effect is given.

Yacht Clubs.

The first yacht club of the United States was founded in 1844. Its boat house was erected in 1845 on the North river, near Hoboken. In the same year the first regatta was held in New York bay.

Rockets In War.

Use of rockets in war was proposed as long ago as 1598, but no progress was made toward this end until the early part of the nineteenth century.

Libanius.

Libanius, Greek sophist, in the fourth century taught rhetoric at Constantinople, where his school drew such vast numbers of students that his rivals caused him to be expelled from the city as a sorcerer.

Oldest Volunteer Corps.

The oldest volunteer corps in the world is the Honorable Artillery company of London, which dates from 1537, during the reign of Henry VIII.

Chinese Names.

The names placed over Chinese shops and laundries are assumed. Every Chinaman in business has a "shop name" and a "private name," and by the latter he is known only to his family and intimate acquaintances.

HOW TO BECOME INVISIBLE.

A Sample of the Mummery Used In Ancient Witchcraft.

Some curious formulas of ancient witchcraft are given in Mr. A. E. Waite's "Book of Ceremonial Magic." Here is a recipe for becoming invisible:

"Begin this operation on a Wednesday before the sun rises, being furnished with seven black beans. Take next the head of a dead man. Place one of the beans in his mouth, two in his eyes and two in his ears. Then make upon the head the character of the figure which here follows. (Omitted.) This done, inter the head with the face toward heaven, and every day before sunrise for the space of nine days water it with excellent brandy.

"On the eighth day you will find the cited spirit, who will say unto you: 'What doest thou?' You shall reply: 'I am watering my plant.' He will then say: 'Give me that bottle; I will water it myself.' You will answer by refusing, and he will again ask you, but you will persist in declining until he shall stretch forth his hand and show you the same figure which you have traced upon the head suspended from the tips of his fingers. In this case you may be assured that it is really the spirit of the head, because another might take you unawares, which would bring you evil, and, further, your operation would be unfruitful. When you have given him your vial he will water the head and depart. On the morrow, which is the ninth day, you shall return and shall find your beans ripe. Take them, place one in your mouth and then look at yourself in a glass. If you cannot see yourself it is good. Do the same with the rest or they may be tested in the mouth of a child."

ESKIMO WIDOWERS.

Six Weeks Is the Limit They Will Wait Before Remarrying.

In civilization it is said that a wife does not always add to her husband's ease or render his life more supportable, but up on the barren grounds the worst of wives would be better than none.

There, among the heathen tribes, if a man's wife dies—provided he is not a polygamist, in which case, says the Wide World, there is less need for hurry—he often marries again within the week.

Even the Christian Eskimo widowers are with difficulty persuaded by the Moravian missionaries to allow six weeks to elapse between the death and remarriage. On the very day after the six weeks have lapsed the hunter presents himself with a new bride and asks that the marriage service may be speedily read.

The reason is not far to seek. It is said in civilization that "a woman's work is never done," and far more is that true of the helpmate of the savage and the semi-savage, the woman of the barren grounds or of the ice edge. She makes and breaks camp, cooks, cuts up and carries to camp her husband's kill. She dresses the skins of deer and seal.

She is responsible for the fashioning of footgear and clothes. On a journey she often paddles the canoe, and on portage she carries a heavy load. In fact, it is easier to write down the duties not expected of a squaw than those which by immemorial custom she must perform.

A Turkish Love Story.

A Turk knocked at his beloved's door, and a voice answered from within, "Who is there?"

Then he answered, "It is I."

Then the voice said, "This house will not hold thee and me."

And the door was not opened.

Then went the lover into the desert, where there is nothing but Allah, and fasted and prayed in solitude.

And after a year he returned and knocked again at the door.

And again the voice asked, "Who is there?"

And he said, "It is thyself."

And the door was opened to him.

D'Orsay and His Tailor.

"D'Orsay, the Complete Dandy," as Mr. Teignmouth Shore calls him in his biography, was fully aware of the value of his patronage to the tailors. When clothes arrived for him, in the most mysterious manner banknotes had found their way into the pockets. Once, when this accident had not happened, D'Orsay bade his valet return the garments with the message that "the lining of the pockets had been forgotten."

The Old, Old Story.

"What did you do when your husband told you the old, old story?"

"I told him to shut up before he was half through."

"Why, what a funny way to reply to a confession of love!"

"Oh, is that what you mean? I thought you meant the story he told last night when he came home from a time with the boys."—Houston Post.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - - - Pa.

We solicit your account.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six of article five be amended by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the County of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and co-ordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such a manner as shall be provided by rules of the court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the County of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption."

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine, Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

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I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG

Family Favorite



the Lamp Oil that Saves Eyes

Nothing is more important in the home than clear, steady light. Insure this by getting the oil that burns clear and clean without a flicker down to the last drop. Pennsylvania crude oil refined to perfection.

Costs no more than the tank-wagon kind—saves money—saves work—saves eyes.

Your dealer has Family Favorite Oil in barrels direct from our refineries.

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Independent Refiners
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$2.25 TO BUFFALO AND RETURN

$2.50 TO NIAGARA FALLS AND RETURN

$4.50 TO TORONTO AND RETURN

FROM SMETHPORT

AUGUST 29 and SEPTEMBER 5, 1911

Tickets good on train leaving at 9:22 A. M. RETURNING, Buffalo and Niagara Falls tickets will be accepted on all regular trains stopping at above-named stations, day of excursion, and day following; Toronto tickets will be accepted for passage between Niagara Falls and Lewiston, via N. Y. C. or Gorge Route, limited to five days, including day of sale. Baggage will not be checked on Buffalo or Niagara Falls tickets, nor will tickets be valid for passage in Pullman cars.

Children between Five and Twelve years of age, half fare.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO, ONT.,

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$3.25 TO NIAGARA FALLS

5 DAY EXCURSION

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of a very high standard of excellence is always demanded by those who appreciate all the pleasures of the table and by rare good fortune we can supply that demand with a wine that will stand the closest scrutiny as to purity, bouquet and flavor at a most [illegible] cost. If you are not fond of a [illegible] [illegible] you will find it [illegible] [illegible] to serve it to your guests without [illegible].

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